CANADA MONTHLY

EDITED BY HERBERT VANDERHOOF

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REFERENCE

Aug 1 2 1917

WE hear many stories of the friendliness of the soldiers of opposing armies, of their comradery during a lull in battle. Such recitals strengthen our faith in human nature; they prove that a man is first of all a man before he is British or French or Russian—or even a German. His impulses are human; he prefers to save life rather than to destroy it. In the aggregate such principles would do away with war; but while one nation offends, others must defend and the individual must pay the penalty. It is in the alembic of war that the spirit of Rupert Hughes, hero of James Church Alvord's story, "Strange Oaths," is tested and found pure.

A different phase of the war appeals to the cheerful eyes of Mona Cleaver's V. A. D. She sees the grim tragedy of it all pityingly but romantically, for her vision is brightened by love for her own particular hero and her "Letters" are good reading.

"The Winged Ant" is a carefree mortal. She is confessedly a student of life and as such launches herself into all sorts of delightful escapades. Her creator, Helen E. Williams, has looked down deep into the heart of youth—and looked with an uncritical eye. That is why her "Confessions" are so pleasantly naive.

Wilbur J. Read, journalist, has given us a vivid picture of Cape Town in an article which he contributes to the June number. He knows the natives from a fourteen years' residence in South Africa, and he impresses his readers with a sense of the big future of that country.

There is romance, fine as gossamer, in the dainty legend, "The Flowing of the Deosongwa," by a new contributor, Mrs. Agnes Ross White.

The second instalment of "A Freight of Currency" finds Windlass and the Captain intent on their errand of benevolence and incidentally introduces a villain who would foil them.

Ahteck, Son of the Otter, is growing more cheerful as to his ultimate destiny, and he is secretly stifling his love for pretty Mititesh when he discovers that the girl returns his love. Then all of his old misgivings return.

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It was the first time that the polite little girl had been on a visit alone, and papa had carefully instructed her as to how she should behave.

"Now," he said, "if they ask you to dine with them, you must say: 'No, thank you, I have already dined.'"

It turned out just as papa had anticipated.

"Come, Marjorie," her little friend's father had said; "you must stay and have a bite with us."

"No, thank you," said the small miss with dignity; "I have already bitten."

—

At a country inn a number of farmers were discussing the potato pests. "They ate my whole crop of potatoes in a single week," said one.

"They ate my whole crop in two days and then sat round on the trees and waited for me to plant more," said another.

"Well," put in a commercial traveler for a seed merchant, "that may be, but I'll tell you what I saw in our warehouse once. I saw four or five beetles examining the books a week before planting time to see who had bought seed."

—

"My darling," she murmured, "you were so grand, so noble, when you proposed to me that day in the taxi! Shall I ever forget how touchingly you spoke of your future, of the sacrifices you would make for me? It must have cost you something to speak those words."

"It did, Mabel," replied the young man, a shadow creeping over his face. "It cost me about two weeks' salary for the hire of that taxi."

The teacher was hearing the class in Nature. Trying to impress upon the children's minds the horror of cruelty to animals she told the following story:

"Once a farmer went out to milk a cow and a little calf switched the man in the eye with its tail. The man took out his knife and cut off the calf's tail. Now, children, what verse in the Bible should that man have remembered?"

Of course she had reference to "Blessed are the merciful," but Phlilip had another answer:

"What God hath joined together, let no man put asunder."

—

The following advertisements have actually appeared in newspapers:

Wanted—For summer, a cottage for a small family with a good drainage.

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Wanted—A boy to be partly outside and partly behind the counter.

Lost—Near Highgate, an umbrella belonging to a gentleman with a bent rib and a bone handle.

—

A man was walking along the street, and saw a house on fire. He rushed across the street and rang the bell. After some time a lady, who proved to be slightly deaf, appeared at the door.

"Madam, your house is on fire."

"What did you say?"

The man began dancing up and down. He pointed above. "I said your house is a fire! Flames bursting out! No time to lose!"

"What did you say?"

"House afire! Quik, !"

The lady smiled. "Is that all?" she said sweetly.

"Well," replied the man, hopelessly, "that's all I can think of just now."

—

Below is given a copy of an inscription that adorned a board fence in Kent:

"Notis—If any man's or woman's cows get into these here oats, his or her tail will be cut off as the case may be."

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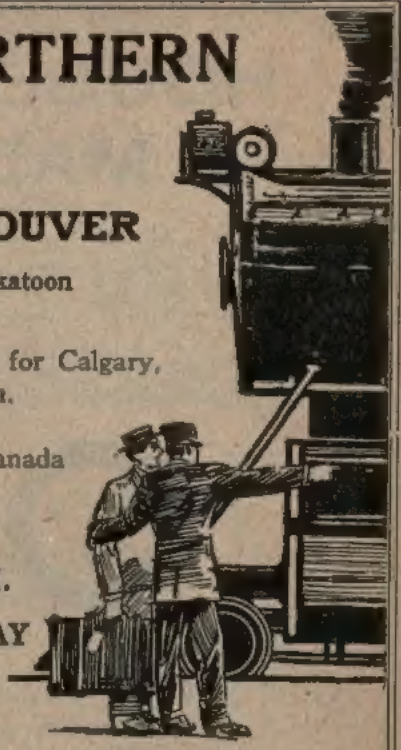

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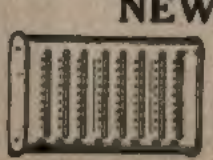

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Ethel, aged nine, paying a visit to Aunt Nell, told of a birthday party she had attended the day before. "And Mabel, who gave the party, said to me: 'Oh, Ethel, you've got on the same dress you wore to my party the last time. I suppose your mother couldn't afford to buy you a new dress this year.'"

Aunt Nell laid her hand caressingly on Ethel's blond curls and gently asked: "Of course, dear, you didn't remain at the party after that? If a little girl had made such a remark to me when I was your age I should have gone right home."

"Well, Aunt Nell," Ethel replied, "times have changed. I slapped her face and stayed."

—

A gallant Tommy, having received from England an anonymous gift of socks, entered them at once, for he was about to undertake a heavy march. He was soon prey to the most excruciating agony, and when, a mere cripple, he drew off his footgear at the end of a terrible day, he discovered inside the toe of the sock what had once been a piece of stiff writing paper, now reduced to pulp, and on it appeared in bold, feminine hand the almost illegible benediction: "God bless the wearer of this pair of socks!"

—

Yells from the nursery brought the mother, who found the baby gleefully pulling small Billy's curls.

"Never mind, darling," she comforted. "Baby doesn't know how it hurts."

Half an hour later wild shrieks from the baby made her run again to the nursery.

"Why, Billy," she cried, "what is the matter with baby?"

"Nothing, muzzer," said Billy, calmly; "only now he knows."

—

A county statesman began a toast at a wedding with the remark:

"I have seen girls so timid and shrinking that they were afraid to go bathing for fear that they might drown, afraid to go rowing for fear the boat might upset, afraid to go driving for fear the horse would run off, and afraid to help with the housework for fear of injuring themselves internally—but I never yet saw a girl who was afraid to get married."

Melancholy Aunt Clara from the country had the habit of listening to the big clock on the town hall in the village where she was visiting and exclaiming every time it struck:

"Eternity draws one hour nearer."

Clarence was very much impressep with that solemn reflection. One day the big clock got out of order. While repairing it the workmen made it strike every few minutes. Clarence heard it with bulging eyes.

"Oh, Aunt Clara," he said, excitedly, "eternity has got a move on to-day."

—

Jack—So you are engaged to Miss Gotrox, I understand?

Tom—I am.

Jack—Well, I hardly know whether to congratulate you or not. She is very exacting, I hear, and if you marry her you will have to give up drinking and smoking.

Tom—Oh, well, it might be worse. If I don't marry her, I'll probably have to give up eating.

—

The head of a certain well known family was recently approached by his son, just nearing his majority.

"Father," said he, "I want to have a talk with you concerning my future. I have decided to become an artist. Have you any objections?"

The old man scratched his head, reflectively, and replied: "Well, no my son—provided, of course, you don't draw on me."

—

"Now, Silas," said the speaker, "I want you to be present when I deliver this speech.

"Yassuh."

"I want you to start the laughter and applause. Every time I take a drink of water, you applaud, and every time I wipe my forehead with my handkerchief, you laugh."

"You better switch dem signals, boss. It's a heap mo' liable to make me laugh to see you standin' up dar deliberately takin' a drink o' water."

—

"Where I stayed last summer a green hired man tried to kiss me. He said he had never kissed a girl in his life, and——"

"What did you tell him?"

"I told him that I was no agricultural experiment station."

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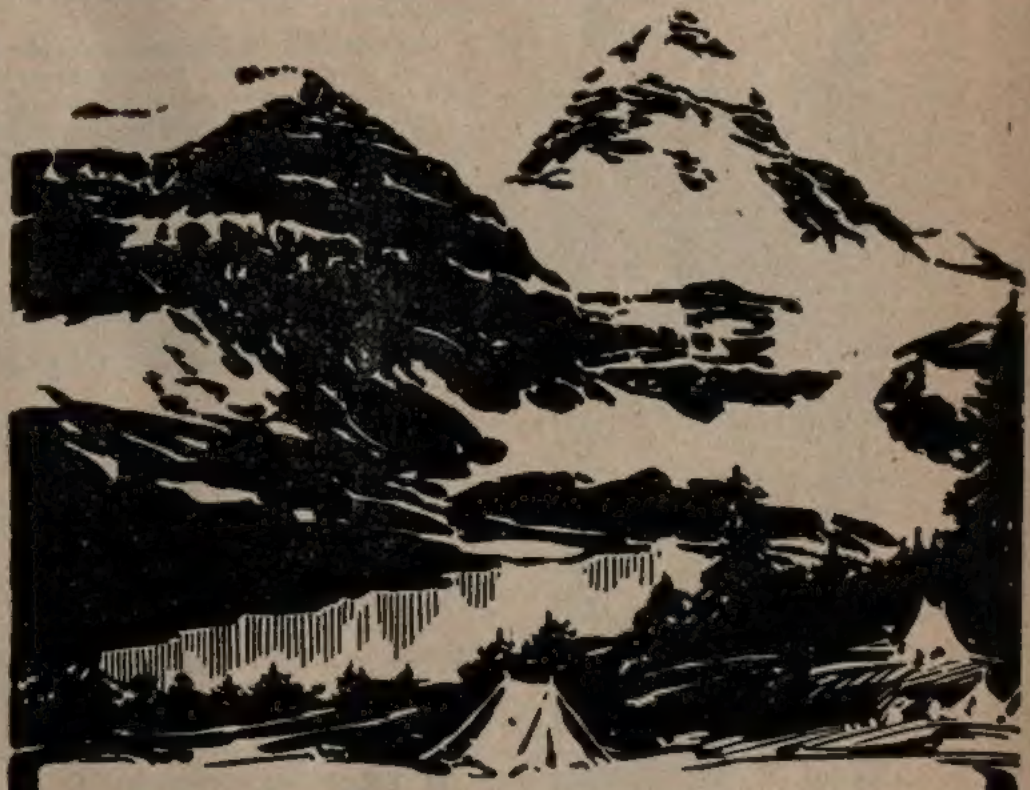

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TORONTO, CANADA

VOL. XX
NO. 1

CANADA MONTHLY

LONDON
MAY

Duke's Son: Cook's Son

By Barbara Behan

Illustrated by W. B. Timlin

TWO men stepped hurriedly out of the War Office, and hailed a passing hansom to take them to the Euston Street Station.

They were an incongruous couple, even in these significant times, and the passers-by turned and looked after them with more than a momentary interest.

Gerald Baring, V. C., in the full regimentals of the Coldstream Guards, was imposing always; but with the bent, shrunken and white headed figure in its long, flowing cassock, at his side, the two men made an unconscious, though none the less effective tableau for the London crowd.

It was evident by their manner and the expression on their faces that the men were bound on the same errand, yet they spent twenty minutes of that heavy, grey, foggy day, seated side by side in the long, narrow railway carriage, without once addressing each other.

It was the Dean who spoke first.

"I have known Julian ever since he was put into my arms to be christened. That was fifty-five years ago, and yet, I have not the slightest idea how he is going to take this," he crackled a piece of paper in his pocket as he spoke.

"It is said that he is a very singular man," returned Baring, "one of the comments made upon him when he entered Parliament was, that just about the time you were positive he was going to do one thing, he would be sure to do the opposite, entirely."

"That is very like him," mused the other, "and that is why I am concerned about this matter. Baring," he turned and faced his fellow passenger abruptly, "do you realize what it means to us—to England—as to how Julian takes it? Do you realize—does *anyone* realize, the immense power this man has over the English mind at the present moment,—this particularly crucial moment? And should he experience one minute of revulsion, how everything could be undone in that minute that has taken a year of hard, strenuous work to bring about!"

His companion looked thoughtful.

"Yes, I *had* thought of it," he admitted, "but I did not see the seriousness of the situation until now. This—this—matter," he nodded in the direction of the Dean's pocket; "happens to come at the psychological moment, so to speak, when Sir Julian has the populace where, by the turning of a hair, the sentiment may come toppling about our ears like a house of cards. That is what you mean, eh?"

The older man nodded.

Baring coughed, looked at his companion furtively, then out of the window, and then back at his companion again.

The old Dean smiled to himself as though he knew what was passing in the other man's mind and was ready to meet it.

"Can't we—could it—?" stammered Baring.

"Don't say it, Gerald," the older man said kindly, "no, it cannot be done. He has the right to know—and, at once. Every man has."

He patted the younger man's arm softly and tried to catch a glimpse of his face in the carriage window towards which it was turned.

"But Sir Julian is fanatical on the subject. He has given every minute of his time to this work. He has turned himself over to it, body and soul, and works with the ferocity of a demon, in this cause. There *can* be no reason for alarm," insisted Baring, as though conscious of something in his mind that required a steady and persistent denial.

"Yes, and all the more reason for my fear. There is something hectic,—abnormal—unusual, about the way Julian is throwing himself into

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this work that makes me fearful—uncertain about him. I feel that it is something more than patriotism. I stand in the position where I do not know what he is going to do next," and then, with a sudden realization of his calling, "but it lies in the hands of God, and here we are!"

As they descended, they saw that a train had just pulled into the Woolwich Dockyard Station, filled with laughing young soldiers, on their way from the training camp to London where they were to join the army at the front.

The carriages were locked, but they leaned their strong bodies out of the doors and windows—their boyish faces aglow with enthusiasm, as they shouted greetings all along the line.

Their good humored remarks and sallies brought an irrepressible smile even to the lips of the stoical guard, which that individual wiped off carefully, however, into his moustache. And to the eager crowd of men, women and children on the other side of the fence, they represented some one of every emotion felt by the human family since the world began. It mattered not that these men were no kin to them. They were the living representatives of their own, and the recent mourning displayed by the attire of most of the women would indicate that a *representative* would be about the most they would get out of this war! So they came down to see the soldiers off!

In the carriage next the engine, a band was playing "The Girl I Left Behind Me," while on the end of the train, another one was tootling merrily away at "Tipperary" until, in their efforts to keep up with the demands of the soldier boys, they ended in one hideous medley of discords and horrors.

Baring and his companion passed down the platform, nodding and returning the many greetings from the soldiers.

"God help them! God help them!" whispered the Dean to himself, while his fingers convulsively twitched among the folds of the document in his pocket.

"Fayther, and won't yer be comin' over the while and givin' us a blissin'," called a blue eyed Irish boy, as he caught sight of the familiar cassock, and thought of his three hours' old confession and its admonitions.

"My son! My Son!" and the old clergyman moved swiftly over to the carriage, and the men uncovered.

A dead silence fell over the crowd as the old man lifted his hands in a mute prayer "for these—Thy children," and then, the gay laughter broke forth once more, and the train pulled out.

Another train slowed up. Before it had stopped, hundreds of people had swarmed out of the carriage and were crowding over the little platform until it was one black mass of struggling, swaying humanity.

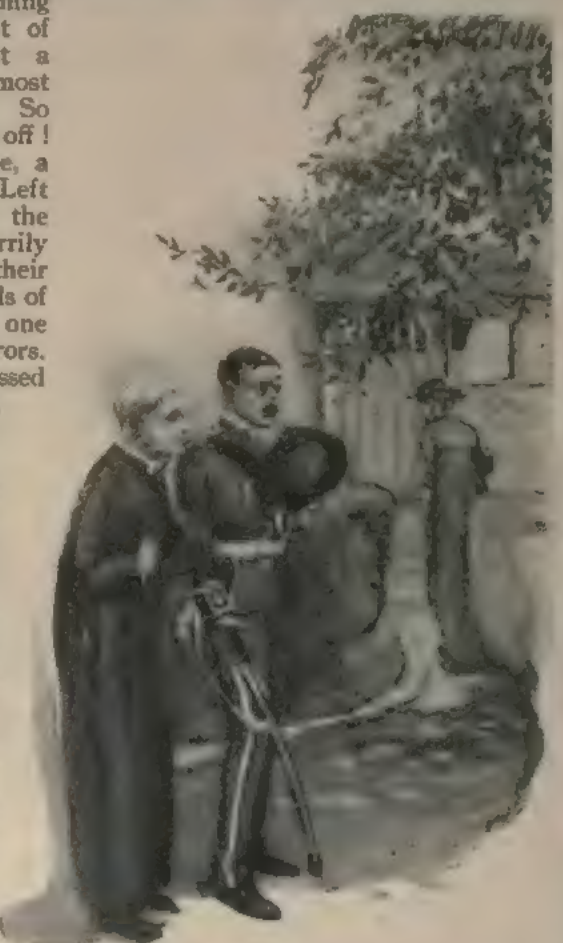
"What's the row?" enquired a commercial traveller, as he looked around for a porter to take his bag, and found none.

A ruddy faced cabby, looking for a fare, grasped the bag, pushed the man gently into the four wheeler standing by the curb, before he answered the question.

"Haint no row, sir. Just one of them Member of Parlyment men 'oldin' a meetin' outside the Prince Albert. 'E's worth 'earin', 'e is. These folks" waving a fat hand towards the crowd now headed in one direction, "'as come a long ways to 'ear 'im."

He leaned over confidentially as a tall, thin woman carrying a heavy portmanteau in one hand and grasping tightly an umbrella in the other, strode determinedly down the street, declining all offers of assistance.

"That lady there, sir. She's come all the way from Sheffield to 'ear 'im. She's one of them suffragettes, but I tell yer wot—it don't make no difference now, sir. Want to 'ear 'im?"



They stood among the roes bushes, in that quiet, fragrant English garden, with their heads uncovered, and watched her until she had passed into the house and was out of sight

He put the question eagerly, as a vision of himself, wiping his lips and descending the back stairs of the "Prince Albert" came to him.

The Dean, who, with his companion, had been standing near, walked over to the cabby before his fare had a chance to answer.

"What is the name of the gentleman holding the meeting, do you know? Is he speaking for enlistment?"

"Yes, sir, that's 'im. 'E says as 'ow if the men don't enlist, it is goin' to mean conscription. Sure, and the country 'as gone to the dogs if they 'ave to do that."

"What is his name?" demanded Baring, rather impatiently.

"Dacres, sir. Sir Julian Dacres. 'E lives 'ereabouts."

Baring looked at the clergyman who, dropping a coin in the cabman's palm, started off in the direction the crowd was taking.

It was not far, and in the distance, they could see the immense crowds gathered below the tall, lean figure of a man wearing pince nez, who was standing on an improvised platform made of wooden boxes, and talking very earnestly.

He had chosen the noon hour for his speech as the time when the arsenals, the dockyards and the warehouses, let out the men for dinner, and the nature of his audience showed that he had chosen wisely. He had also shown good judgment in selecting the "Prince Albert" for his meeting place. It was in the central part of the town and was the place where all the workingmen came for their bread and cheese and beer.

Three barmaids, standing on the steps, rosy cheeked and with high, frizzed fringes, mutely testified to the fact that the public house was empty, and this unconscious tribute was noticed by the Dean and his companion as they drew near, and they commented upon it. Then they gave their attention to the man on the platform.

He was not speaking rhetorically; but he addressed the people before him, quietly and sincerely, as though he were putting up a serious question, personally, to each individual member of his audience. And the effect was noticeable on the crowd! At first, they were noisy and rather jeering, as a throng of English workingmen are apt to be, at a man taking a public stand, but the wonderful magnetism of the speaker communicated itself very quickly to his hearers, and the noise slowly died down, and they were interested and attentive.

"I am not going to fling our beloved Nelson's speech at you. It is old—it is trite. You are probably tired of hear-

"Father, I don't want to go. I am not afraid. I am not a coward. You know that. I don't want to go to this war. I don't want to kill anyone

ing it—tired of having it flaunted before you on every occasion when you are asked to make a sacrifice, but let me call to your mind what Tennyson, no less beloved, said, on one occasion,

"Not once or twice in our Fair Island's story,
The path of Duty was the way to Glory,"

and remember, when you are asked to make this sacrifice, as I am going to ask you to make it, remember that it was asked of your forefathers, generations back, who made it possible for you to be here, now."

A weazened little old man pushed his way through the crowd and shook his finger at the speaker, tauntingly.

"Hev yer got any children of yer own?" he shouted, "where are yer own sons?"

"Shame! Shame!" cried one of England's most prominent suffragettes —the tall woman with the portmanteau.

The speaker turned white, and an odd look passed over his face, but he bent down until he could almost touch his tormentor.

"My only child—my nineteen year old—is somewhere in France" he said briefly.

The two fathers gazed into each other's eyes; then the older man took a deep breath, as one who had gazed into something and found it fair.

"Yer'll get my three boys, Mister," he said straightening up, "if I 'ave to whip 'em all the way to the recruitin' office."

"It is your part of the price of an inviolate England," the speaker answered, and then went on with his speech.

The Dean staggered back and with one hand clutching a long white paper, he pushed his way out of the crowd.

"Your part of the price of an inviolate England! Oh, Julian, Julian, how will you pay your part?" he half whispered, as he leaned heavily on Baring's arm.

"We cannot tell him yet. We must wait until he has finished his speech," said the Dean, "and then we will go to him. The afternoon papers have it by this time and he must not see it, yet. We must not leave him alone until he knows."

"What do you fear most?" asked Baring in a low voice, while his eyes sought the impassioned figure on the platform.

"Many things," answered his companion laconically, "an absolute collapse, for one thing, and for another—", his voice trailed off into an ominous silence.

"You don't mean—?" demanded Baring hoarsely.

The old man nodded.

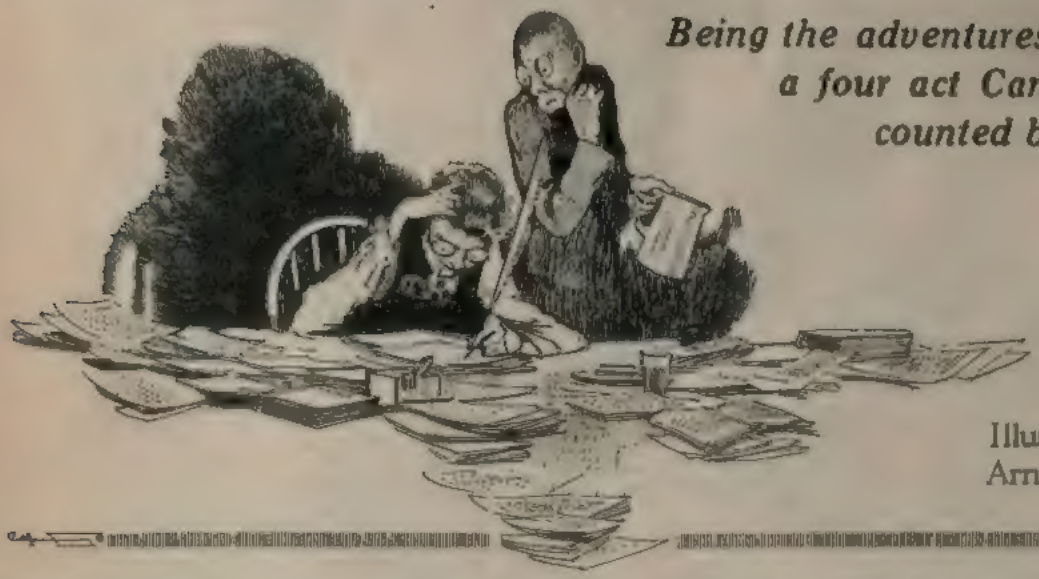
"The boy was everything to Julian. For years, there were no children and Julian suffered then, horribly, at the thought that the name would die out with him—as it will, now. Then, when this boy did come, the father was beside himself with delight. He was silent, quiet and undemonstrative, always; but underneath that grim suppression, was all the intensity and passion of an Italian. Julian worshipped his son. *I know that!*"

"Oh, this must not be," broke out Baring excitedly, "under no circumstances must such a thing happen. Think of the diasastrous effect it would have throughout the Empire. Think of the blanket it would throw upon enlistment!"

Continued on page 49.

Jumping the Theatrical Hurdles

Being the adventures and misadventures of a four act Canadian play as recounted by the author



Illustrated by
Arnold Worth

I MAKE no apology for having written a play. It is a national failing.

To begin at the beginning, which is always a safe way to start a story, the play was written in North Bay. Circumstances over which I had lost control (I had missed my train) compelled me to remain there over Sunday.

I don't know why I should have decided to write a play unless the Bacteria Dramatica was getting in its first deadly work,—but I called for paper, ink and pen, after the manner of a literary King Cole, and started in.

All day Saturday and Sunday I wrote. The negro porter was impressed. I allowed him to read part of it. He was still impressed. I gave him a quarter. He wanted to read some more of it but I refused. On looking back, I don't consider that twenty-five cents was exorbitant.

After some deliberation I named the play "The Feminist." Briefly the plot was as follows:—

There were five principal characters.

Dorothy Heatherington (The Feminist) inherits a Newspaper and because she is tired of society life takes charge of the paper, falls in love with a mayoralty candidate named Forest, and to show her love for him defeats him at the polls,—and then marries him.

Forest,—— see above.

Dick Hardy, the drunken editor who turns out to be a hero. (All inebriates emerge heroically on the stage.) He helps Dorothy to annihilate Forest but feels terribly upset because he once deserted,—

Lucy Meadows,—a dear little thing with rotten lines (we refer to the dialogue) who is restored by Dorothy to Hardy once again.

Mr. E. Spencer Heatherington, Dorothy's uncle was the villain, and he was a very villain in good-sooth! The language he used was so violent that my pen spluttered when I wrote it.

There were eight or nine minor characters including such original stage creations as a comic Irish servant etc., etc.

If I remember rightly, the play set out to prove that a woman with her intuitive power could be a tremendous force in Man's world. At any rate it was very complimentary to women, not that I believed half of it, but I figured that seventy-five per cent. of the theatrical audiences were feminine.

It was a real play. I even wrote instructions, like a literary tailor, on how to dress the stage. It was all complete. It could have gone into rehearsal without a change,—I thought.

I brought the thing home.

I took it to a public stenographer and dictated it. She was impressed. I was the first author she had ever met with a bank account. I explained that writing was merely my preoccupation,—not my occupation.

We enjoyed that play. Anything she didn't understand I explained to her. By the bye, it wouldn't be a bad idea for the author to sit at one side of the stage at a professional production and give a running commentary on the play. Of course in these days when life is held so cheap it might be a bit precarious.

But the question was,—how to get it produced.

To write a play requires some ability, but to sell a play requires genius.

How was I to get the wretched thing produced?

Like an answer from the gods Adele Blood appeared on the horizon and offered a thousand dollars cash for a Canadian Play!

Adele was playing a season of stock at Shea's Theatre and was consumed with a deep and burning desire to discover a Canadian Playwright. Compared to her passion for discovery that of Christopher Columbus was but a whim. Good advertising? Nothing of the sort.' Miss Blood was the only and original genuine uplifter of the *Drama*.

I decided to let Adele have the play. To be true the part wouldn't suit her, but that was not a serious obstacle. American Actors never act the Author's characters,—they merely act themselves. The only and original Adele could do anything from Little Eva to Lady Macbeth and the net result was always the same,—Adele.

Miss Blood therefore received "The Feminist".

Three weeks later I met her at a social function.

"Did you read my play?" I asked.

"I did" said the dear thing "It is very clevah. Some day you ought to land."

I sought a corner to think it out. "Some day I ought to land." What did she consider me,—a derelict on the sea of drama, or was I to land in the sense that Jack Johnson landed on Jim Jeffrie's jaw?

I was puzzled. Nevertheless I was encouraged. It does not take much to encourage an amateur playwright.

"The Feminist" did not win the prize. The thousand dollars of honest-to-goodness gold was awarded to a Mr. Osborne for his three act masterpiece entitled "The Madonna of the Louvre."

Some enterprising soul discovered that Mr. Osborne was a member of Miss Blood's company.

Her defence was, that Mr. Osborne was a Canadian, that he had been born in Kingston, Ontario, but had had the good sense to leave there while yet a youth. He had entered the play under a nom de plume. His winning the contest was merely a coincidence.

The public felt that the long arm of coincidence had been over-worked. In fact they felt that the long arm of of coincidence had suffered a compound fracture.

The Toronto dramatic critics sharpened their wits and prepared for the premiere.

"It doesn't matter how bad your play is as long as you have a good title."

I suggested "The Unsolved Sex."

"Gord," said Mr. G— horrified.

"What do you think of 'Milady Modernist'?"

"Awful."

"The Daughter of the House?"

"Hellup!"

"Woman and Superwoman?"

But Mr. G— had fled.

And what a premiere it was. Blood and thunder, curses, re-e-e-venge, and meoldrama that was so mellow that it,—but enough!

After it was over,—presuming, on my acquaintanceship with the dear lady,—I wrote her a letter.

"Dear Miss Blood,

"Please return my play. I quite realize its inferiority to Mr. Osborne's masterpiece. 'My God' only appears in my play twice."

On thinking it over, I consider that that letter bordered on the sarcastic. The play came back and for three or four weeks I retired into private life.

But Destiny was at work. A friend of mine gave me an introduction to a Mr. H——, a New York theatrical manager who happened to be in Toronto at the time. Mr. H—— was exceedingly courteous. He would be very glad to read my play but as he always gave at least three hours to a manuscript he would have to take it to New York.

"The Feminist" took its first trip to the Metropolis.

In three weeks I received a letter from Mr. H——

"Your play" he wrote, "is very interesting and considerably above the average. Its faults are faults of construction. Your election scene in the third act has been done so often before,—in fact I rehearsed a play last year with exactly the same situation. Your dialogue is excellent and your characters splendidly drawn,—especially the girl (Dorothy) and the newspaper man (Hardy). I am keeping it here, if you will allow me, to refer it to Miss B—— (a prominent actress and producer). I shall write you very soon again."

Again I felt encouraged and I think this time with some reason. I had penetrated, even so slightly, that magic sphere "theatrical New York."

He wrote later that he was showing it to a Mr. L—— a famous author who had three plays running on the boards at the time.

I wrote to Mr. H—— informing him that I did not wish my play to be shown to another author. Every playwright had his own way of treating a subject. Naturally he would not like my style or else he would write that way. He would probably steal my idea and leave me with the dialogue.

"The Feminist" returned from New York.

A little later a letter came from Mr. H—— stating that Mr. L—— had read the play and while he considered that it displayed much promise that in its present form it would not do. He did not think that Mr. L—— stole anything. If I cared to rewrite the play and submit it again to him he would be glad to reconsider it. In the meantime he had the honor to be my very truly.

I did not reply. I put "The Feminist" in a trunk and forgot about it.

On looking back, I cannot repress a genuine feeling of gratitude to Mr. H——. He could have made me look rather foolish if he had wished.

In the interim, some friend of mine who had a copy of the play, sent it to Margaret Anglin.

After reading it, Miss Anglin decided to try a revival of Shakespeare.

Her manager wrote me a very nice letter. He stated that Miss Anglin liked the play, but it did not suit her requirements. She hoped that it would be produced very soon and wished me success.

He did not suggest any changes in it. I don't think he could have read it.

I decided to produce "The Feminist" with amateurs, and as a preliminary step took it out of the trunk. A prominent Toronto Dramatic society had already produced three one act plays of mine and it was this organization which was to produce this new effort of my pen. The general director of this society was a young man of discernment. He had never refused a play of mine. The mere fact that I happened to be the general director does not alter the fact that he was a man of discernment.

We held one rehearsal, there being eight amateur Thespians present.

That night I wrote eight letters, informing the cast that "The Feminist" had changed her mind. She was going back to the trunk. I had no idea that a group of innocent young people could commit such atrocities to an unoffending manuscript.

For several months "The Feminist" remained in obscurity. It would probably be there yet if Miss Percy Haswell had not come back to Toronto for another season of stock.

I met her assistant stage manager and told him about the play. He read it. He said he liked it, but would suggest some changes for instance, the last act was all wrong.

He gave the play to Miss Haswell. She read it and sent for me. It was while she was playing "Stop Thief" and she had a very light part. With a bosom friend who endures my writings and steals my cigars, I was ushered into Miss Haswell's dressing room.

If I may digress for a moment I would like to pay a sincere tribute to Miss Percy Haswell as a woman. During the weeks following I saw her frequently and under many trying conditions, but her natural patience and sweet courteousness never left her. She treated her company as ladies and gentlemen and was as loyal to Toronto and Canada as any member of her audience. Her sympathy with

That night Mr G— beckoned to me mysteriously and took me to the front of the theatre. "Behold!" said he. The bill-boards smote me in the eye

the Canadian troops was genuine and unaffected. There have been few finer characters on the stage than Miss Percy Haswell.

She decided to produce the play but,—wanted some changes.

The first act was too short and all the curtains were given to the leading man. To the uninitiated undramatic reader,—to give a curtain to an actor is to brand him as the leading actor.

Also she thought the play would be better with an unhappy ending.

I received my first dramatic thrill. One of my dreams has always been to write a play with an unhappy ending. I felt that such a privilege was only accorded established playwrights.

My companion and I sought the air and eventually drifted into the late lamented King's Cafe, that place of merriment where one indulged in a "boozeless jag". Imagine a Cabaret with nothing stronger to drink than Cocoa!

Oblivious to the dancers and the melancholy merry-makers we discussed the play.

"I've got it" I said, pounding the table vehemently with a salt cellar.

He leaned over the table.

"This is it" I went on, "Dorothy has kept Forest from the mayoralty by the opposition of her newspaper. Therefore, although he is in love with her, he goes away and leaves her forever."

"Why?"

"A man can get over a broken heart," I replied sententiously "But a wounded vanity is invariably fatal."

"Then he dies?"

I sighed. It is always difficult to explain the obvious. "As far as the play is concerned he is a dead one," I admitted.

He sipped a sup of sparkling Postum. "Go on" he said.

"Well," I resumed, reckless of the midnight hour, refilling my glass of milk, "Dorothy has restored Hardy to Lucy and has just said good-bye to Forest for ever. She glances at the window,—the stage darkens, church chimes strike in the distance,—she thinks for a moment how much she has accomplished for a woman,—how she has brought purity into civic politics,—how she has reformed Hardy,—then she steps forward,—her hands touch the table,—very slowly she says these words,—'And the price of it all is . . . LONELINESS.' Then she falls into a chair,—her head sinks into her arms and a slight sob is heard,—then the curtain. What do you think of it?"

"Have you got another cigarette?" was the unimpassioned reply.

The following evening we submitted the new version to Miss Haswell. She had exercised her prerogative as a woman and had changed her mind. She did not think we would dare to produce a new play with an unhappy ending.

We sought our typewriter once more,—recalled Forest from the abyssmal depths and left him falling into Dorothy's arms.

I then met Mr. G——, Miss Haswell's manager, to discuss arrangements. Mr. G—— though a Kentuckian, looked as if he might have stepped from a Dickensian novel. He had a shrewd simplicity in his manner that was at once assuring and impressive.

"Miss Haswell says you have a good play" said Mr. G——.

I was glad she thought so. Had he read it?

"Me read it?" Mr. G—— was astonished "What would I read it for?"

I admitted that the idea was absurd.

"Say," Mr. G—— became confidential in his manner. "Where under the solar system did you get that title?"

"I think "The Feminist" is an excellent title."

"I think it's the worst title I ever heard in my life," said Mr. G—— "What does it mean?"

I endeavored to unfold to him the meaning of Feminism. It was my first attempt to explain the inexplicable.

"Say," he said, when I had finished, "I once took a play out called 'Logan's Luck.' We starved. I changed its name to 'Human Hordes' and we made a fortune out of it."

I was appropriately astonished. I murmured something about giving a dog a bad name, etc.

"Say." Mr. G—— entwined his finger in my button hole, "We put on a play called 'The Zebra' and we couldn't get enough people in the theatre to break the echo. We renamed it the 'Glad Eye', and made half a million out of it."

I wonder where theatrical profits go? Perhaps they are paid in stage money.

"It doesn't matter how bad your play is" said Mr. G—— encouragingly, "As long as you've got a good title."

I suggested "The Unsolved Sex."

"Gord!" said Mr. G——, horrified.

"What do you think of 'Milady Modernist'?"

"Awful!"

Continued on page 52.

If I cared to rewrite the play and submit it again to him he would be glad to reconsider it. I put The Feminist in the trunk and forgot about it

An Understudy for Hannah

The story of a sister whose service was paid in the gold of love, a money not legal tender

By Annie Hamilton Donnell

Illustrations by Horace Scovel Shinn

"In the old days the Weatherbees had many maids; let us not disgrace them by having not even one. Send for Hannah to-morrow"

"IF WE could get along without Hannah," hinted Maria. Her little old eyes searched Isabella's beautiful face with ill-concealed anxiety. It was not necessary to conceal her facial expression from Isabella, and it was well, since she had to conceal so many other things.

"Without Hannah! Maria, are you going daft? Was there ever a time when the Weatherbees got along without a maid! Would you have the neighbors think the family is deteriorating?" The stately little speech fell with perfect naturalness from the stately lips. Isabella Weatherbee's shoulders never stooped, but at times like this, when the honor of the family seemed in peril, they straightened yet a little straighter.

"They are new neighbors—they would not need to know." Maria found difficulty in rounding her phrases. Her shoulders, always stooped, rounded yet a little more as if under a new burden. If Bella only knew how it would help for her to agree to do without a maid! Here, in this new home, was the chance Maria had longed for. She herself had appreciated the impossibility of living maidless at home. But here—here no one realized the greatness of the family, no one would hold up shocked hands, say unpleasant things. And the money——

"Bella," trembled Maria, "we really could do very well. Just us two"——

"We two," gently corrected old Isabella. Then, still gently, "It is out of the question, Maria. In the old days the Weatherbees had many maids; let us not disgrace them by having not even one. Send for Hannah to-morrow."

"Hannah will not come," Maria said, but she did not say why. The state of the family treasury was one of the things she rigorously concealed from Isabella. The fine, beautiful old face had never lost its patient placidity; Isabella had never known trouble except the great trouble and that, Maria asserted, was enough. She must be shielded at any sacrifice from all other afflictions. A steadily lessening family income was an affliction; Isabella must never know that it was lessening. In sweating tumult of soul Maria added and subtracted and divided, lay long nights awake, planned, devised

The new home was part of her planning. To Isabella's unseeing eyes it was quite as luxurious as the old, even a little more luxurious. But Maria saw it in its bare truth. The narrower staircase, the lower ceilings, fewer rooms, Maria saw and widened, raised, and multiplied, for Isabella. She had done and would do harder things than these for Isabella.

"To-morrow you must look up a new maid, then. I can get on a few hours alone." Isabella's thoughts dwelt still on old and new Hannahs. And the next day Maria went. But in the night-interval between she had sat at her window all night, devising. The thing she devised with tight lips and furrowed brow was born of the travail of necessity. She nursed it in her breast at the window.

The two old sisters had been young sisters once, but they had always been alone. Isabella had always been beautiful and fine and patient and blind; Maria had always been plain and tender. Isabella had always been taken care of, Maria had always taken care of her. Isabella's selfishness was scarcely a fault, considering her pampered, petted life; Maria's devotion was splendid. No Weatherbee had ever been more delicate and dainty than Isabella; and Maria, at her looking-glass, assured herself that none had ever been more ugly than herself. She did not realize that work had accomplished much of her plainness—Maria realized few things like that. She was the one plain Weatherbee in the family line, she humbly confessed, and bent her energies to keeping it from Isabella. It would grieve Isabella.

"Your nose does not feel just right, Maria, it is too straight, I am afraid," the gentle old voice would sometimes say, while the lovely, slender old fingers wandered on a "seeing" tour over Maria's anxious face. "All the Weatherbee noses have been Roman. Your eyes are Weatherbee eyes, Maria? You are sure"——

"Yes," gently lied Maria.

"And your complexion is the Weatherbee pink and white, you say; I wish your cheeks felt a little smoother—Maria, why won't you let me see your fingers?" Like most blind people old Isabella spoke always of "seeing" things.

"Oh, I can't; it makes me fidgety, Bella!" Maria's good, blunt fingers slid hurriedly under her apron. They were not Weatherbee fingers; she had always been ashamed of them. "Look at your own instead; that will be just

as good. And you're never fidgety."

"No," smiled old Isabella, though her voice was a little severe, "that is not a Weatherbee trait, to be nervous."

It was significant that Isabella chose the prettier word and laid gentle stress upon it for Maria's edification. Maria's words, like her fingers—like her roughened, sallow skin, her poor plebeian nose—were contrary to traditions of the family. No one knew it better than Maria; Isabella did not know it at all. She knew that her own old face was delicate as a flower little withered by winter blasts, that her shoulders were splendidly straight, that her fine old hands were slender and perfect, her figure one even a Weatherbee might be proud of. All these things Isabella had seen through Maria's adoring, admiring eyes so often that they had become sources of gentle consolation to her in her blindness, and she loved to dwell on them in solitary moments. She was not vain, but gently proud. That Maria, though perhaps in a lesser degree, possessed all these attractions, she did not for a moment doubt. For Maria, too, was a Weatherbee.

The question of procuring a successor for the old servant, Hannah, was not allowed to lie dormant. Isabella persisted in her decisive way that some one must be found at once. "For the speech of neighbors," she argued gently, was the family reputation to suffer here in the new home? Were people to suppose they could not afford a servant, that they *did their own work?* When had Weatherbees done their own work?

"You must find some one the first thing to-morrow, Maria; it must not be put off another day, not another day," Isabella said with the assurance of being obeyed. And it was that night that Maria devised the strange way out of her strait and the next morning that she went away to procure the new Hannah. She was gone two hours or more. When she came back she went to Isabella at once to report.

"She's come," she said, in a breathless sort of way. It came hard to Maria to lie.

"Why!" the lovely old face turned in surprise. "Why, I was sure I only heard your footsteps. I always know when there are two"——

"I mean she will come to-night," hurried poor Maria, frightened at her mistake, "in time to get tea—I told her to be sure and come in time to get tea. She can make scones, Bella, and coffee rolls. I made sure of that." Maria had planned to say this on her way; Bella was fond of scones and coffee rolls, but insisted that they should be made by the maid. She had never been willing that Maria should make them.

"I'm glad of that. What does she look like, Maria? Like Hannah? I shall want you to ask her to come in sometimes and let me look"——

"It would scare her, Bella; you mustn't! The poor thing's scared enough now. She's—she's never worked out before. She's—obliged to now on account of losing her money. And, Bella"——

Old Isabella's flower-sweet face put on listening like a garment. The gentle patience in it hurt Maria as it always did.

"She's—deaf, Bella. Stone deaf. I promised her we'd leave her to herself and not try to talk to her; she says it embarrasses her. All she wants is to know what's to be done—I'm to write that out on paper. She's coming on trial and if you—if we—like her she'll stay right along. I hope we'll like her, Bella."

"Dear, yes, I hope so! Poor creature—you don't seem very enthusiastic yourself, Maria."

Maria turned at the door.

"I? Oh, yes, I—I like her. She's old and not very good looking, but she has good blood in her—she belongs to an old family. She told me—I thought you would be glad to know that, Bella."

Isabella Weatherbee laughed out softly. Maria amused her sometimes. As if it mattered what family a servant came of! Maria had queer notions; she was singularly ignorant of some of the things that did matter so much. Some lax family ancestor, straggled out of the line that strict Weatherbees toed, must be responsible for Maria's notions.

In the new home, life for the two old sisters assumed presently its quiet monotony and peace. It varied little to blind Isabella from life in the old home. She knitted mornings by her window, napped through the long, hot noons, knitted afternoons on the front porch in her soft white dress. Maria sat with her on the porch usually, and described the passers-by and the houses and clouds and trees. In her own quaint way she saw everything for Isabella; she never tired. But mornings Maria left her sister very much alone, only going in occasionally to see if she needed anything. This was really the only variation between life in the old home and in the new; Maria had rarely, in the old home, left her sister at all. Old Isabella puzzled over the change and nursed a gentle resentment silently. It was not a Weatherbee trait to complain.

In the hot kitchen the new Hannah worked steadily. She was old, as Maria had said, and the heat and the toil crooked her back and lined a little more her good, plain face. She moved rather painfully as though it hurt her. Maria knew it was rheumatism. It was not a large household to work for, but there were many little wearying things to do, aside from the common round of sweeping and cooking, washing and ironing. The dainty lady upstairs, knitting by her window, required many services that the new Hannah must render. She ate but delicately of delicate dishes that were a little hard to prepare; her soft laces and lawns were not kept immaculate without labor.

The weather turned hot, terribly hot in kitchens. The new Hannah sat down often and mopped her heated face. The little droning tune she hummed over her work dragged and trailed unconsciously into a little droning groan. Hot weather seemed to aggravate the rheumatism.

"Are you sure she is going to answer our requirements?" old Isabella questioned, mild doubt in her tone. "It seems to me she must be slow."

"She *is* slow," admitted Maria.

"And not always sure—did you taste the custard at lunch, Maria? Do you think she could have whipped the eggs the required time?"

"I did not taste it." Maria ate little at lunches. The warm weather seemed to be telling on her.

"Well—well, of course, we must give her time. She is old, you say, and deaf—poor creature, I should be the last one to find fault with her if she is afflicted; but, Maria, perhaps you could suggest that she does not put quite so much starch in my caps"——

"I will see to it." Then: "She's doing the best she can, Bella!" bursts out Maria suddenly. "It's awful doing up things this weather. I—I was in the kitchen this morning myself. We'll have to be patient, Bella."

The new neighbors began dropping in afternoons to sit on the porch with their work. The "work" of the youngest neighbor leaped and gurgled and laughed in her arms. Old Isabella put out her slender fingers and touched the little face, the warm little neck, the soft hair. "It's a beautiful baby," old Isabella smiled, with conviction.

"Oh, she's great!" the youngest neighbor agreed laughingly "but she takes all my time—I can't get in a minute even to do up her little dresses! And that makes me think, speaking of doing up things, of your maid, Miss Weatherbee. She's a great comfort to me."

"Yes?" Old Isabella's fingers were straying again to the leaping little child.

"In the way of entertainment, you know. I'm so glad you have her! Her great, flopping sunbonnet is a picture! And *have* you noticed"—the young speaker swung about toward Maria—"how she always wears it, rain or shine? I looked out of my

window the other day and she was getting in the clothes with that sunbonnet on, and it was raining hard! It was a novel kind of an umbrella! I tried to speak to her over the fence one day—I just dote on queer characters!—but she would not look my way at all."

"She is deaf," Maria said stiffly. Her plain old face had reddened unaccountably. She began to talk about the baby. How many teeth had it? Could it stand alone—say any little words?

Other neighbors commented on the new Hannah. The flapping pink sunbonnet had attracted all eyes. No one had ever seen the new Hannah pink-sunbonnetless. It was rumored that she wore it to the door to answer bells, though this was not substantiated. In a good-natured, laughing, neighborly way the new Hannah became a person of note.

One morning old Isabella, finding her own room uncomfortably warm, groped her way down the stairs and out to her chair on the front porch. It was so unusual a thing for her to go so far unaided that she was conscious of a feeling of mild exultation and pride as she sank down into the cushioned rocker. She felt younger and even a little reckless. Maria had always insisted on leading her about. But here she was quite safe and unbroken; if she could do this, why not other things? What other thing was there that she could do alone and Marialess? She felt impelled to do that other thing. The thrill of daring ran over her old body and set her old nerves aquiver. The good fates keep Maria away now!

"What shall I do?" softly laughed old Isabella, athrill to do it. Her beautiful face grew pinker with gentle excitement. Suddenly, she was aware of a sweet, warm scent. She sniffed it again and again with her fine old Weatherbee nose. It was the smell of roses! Roses were in bloom somewhere near. She remembered then that Maria had said there was a rosebush down by the gate. She would go down to the rosebush by the gate—that was the "other thing" that she would do alone! The good fates give her time!

Very slowly she went, but her straight, splendid body did not swerve or bend. She would only allow one hand to reach out a very little as she went. The sweet, warm smell came to meet her. It seemed very near indeed, when suddenly heavy footsteps plunged through the grass toward her and hands seized her arm almost roughly. The fates had betrayed her.

"Who is it?—Maria, is it you? What did you come for when I wanted to go alone!" But Maria did not answer—it could not be Maria. Still the heavy footsteps and the disturbed breathing —

"Who is it?" old Isabella repeated impatiently. She was full of childish disappointment and her usual quiet dignity for the moment deserted her. She had an unholy impulse to shake off the hands from her arm. If it was not Maria it must be the new Hannah. Of course it was the new Hannah, and she did not answer because she could not hear.

Something just brushed her shoulder and the steadying hands turned her gently aside. She did not see, of course, that a terribly jagged, broken-off branch of the tree had threatened to stab her as she groped her way alone toward it. And not seeing it, the resentment which would have given instant place to gratitude died hard in her breast. She reared her beautiful head stiffly.

"I was only going to the rosebush," she said, forgetting the futility of speech to deaf ears. "I wanted to see the rosebush."

The warm, sweet smell again. She drew in deep, delighted whiffs of it. There was healing in it; her resentment vanished.

"Wait! I want to stop right here—I must see it!"

Strange how the steadying hands, as

Continued on page 59.

She would only allow one hand to reach out a very little as she went. She was aware of the sweet, warm scent of roses growing somewhere near

The uniform so familiar to the eye in every corner of Canada seems to transform the wearer, to give not only a new joy in life, but a new spirit, a new outlook.

The BOY SCOUTS

The Men of To-morrow

By H. G. Hammond

YOU have no doubt met, swinging down the city street, or country road, the boy in the khaki shirt, stetson hat, bare knees, loosely knotted scarf, haversack slung upon his back, staff in hand, and a thought has come to you "Yes, a Boy Scout," and yet how few understand the activities and training connected with the Boy Scouts Association. As Carlyle observed long ago—"When an oak is felled the whole forest resounds, but a thousand acorns are sown unnoticed by the passing breeze."

The uniform so familiar now to the eye in every corner of Canada seems to transform the wearer, to give not only a new joy in life, but a new spirit, a new outlook. Those who have studied the movement and its activities will be surprised to read all the things that a boy learns in the course of his training, things eminently useful to know, eminently educative to the faculties, things that no boy by way of mere task could ever be induced to learn, things that fit him for making his way in the world when he shall have become a man, and which put before him the responsibilities of citizenship and our duty towards God, King and Country.

The basic principles of Boy Scout training are contained in the Scout Promise and the Scout Law. The boy upon being accepted as a member of the Boy Scouts Association is invested with proper ceremony as the knights of old. Standing within the circle of his comrades with right hand uplifted, thumb upon the little finger, leaving the three fingers upright, denoting the three clauses of the Scout Promise, he promises upon his honor to be Loyal to God and the King. To do a good turn daily. And to obey the Scout Laws.

There is no signing of pledges, he is simply placed upon his honor as were the knights of old. He is bound to play the game and play it fair.

Some of the old ideas did not give a boy a chance to show that he could be trusted.

People have said "why is a Boy Scout somewhat different from the average boy?" The answer is that he has been trusted and placed upon his honor and not edged about with don'ts, buts, and shan'ts.

It is a well known fact that a Boy Scout does try and does succeed in carrying out his Scout Law.

A Scout's sense of honor is cultivated. This training, in turn, develops truthfulness, and is the reason why the average citizen will tell you that a Scout's word can be taken.

A Boy Scout is loyal to the King, to his officers, his parents, to his Country and his employers.

A Scout's duty is to be useful and to help others.

A Scout is a friend to all, and the brother to every other Scout, no matter to what social class the other belongs. In other words, there is no social distinction within the ranks of the Boy Scouts Association.

Every boy is given a chance to make good in the world.

A Scout is courteous.

A Scout is a friend to animals.

A Scout obeys orders.

A Scout smiles and whistles under all circumstances.

Before a Scout can pass certain tests he must have a small bank account, and it is surprising to note how many of the lads are proud and keen to see their little bank account growing, in other words it is simply a start that the average boy requires.

A Scout is pure in thought, word and deed; as a gentleman once stated "I can always attend a base ball game where Scouts are playing, with the knowledge that I can take along my children knowing that it will be conducted in a proper and gentlemanly manner."

Then again you may have noticed upon the arms of the lads, small round khaki discs, known as badges. They may bear a red cross in the centre, a tool representing carpentry, perhaps, a bugle, or a swimmer, or a life belt. These badges denote the different subjects or activities in which a boy can qualify.

How proudly the boy wears the carpenter's badge, with a knowledge that during his spare hours in the cellar or the attic at home he has worked and worked, and made perhaps a chair that mother is proud of and of which he is proud.

The effort to qualify for the badges is very aptly put by a father of a boy in the Scouts, who was learning to blow a bugle in the attic. He was visited one evening by his next door neighbor who complained a little about the noise. The father of the bugle boy simply said "There is one thing I am perfectly sure of, when the sound is heard from the bugle, Jack is at the other end blowing," and the neighbor who was lodging the complaint was from then on a friend of the Association. He saw the point.

It is not the intention that the earning or qualifying for badges shall completely fit a boy for any trade or calling in life, but simply to open up channels of thought, a first aid to useful knowledge, and many a father has been able through watching his boy working for his badge, to decide, in a large measure, the future career of his lad.

There are fifty-one of the Proficiency badges in connection with the movement, which some people consider too many. A number of these are of such a simple nature that the most backward boy has a chance to earn one, which means that a bright spot has been brought into his life and that he is starting to think along right lines.

A Scout is supposed to do a good turn daily and many stories could be told of the good turns that have been done by boys through this encouragement.

One comes to my mind of a lad in a small town away in the north country. The Sunday School on Sunday afternoon had been addressed in regard to the activities of the Boy Scouts, and the "good turn" idea had been placed before them. The next morning a boy who had been brought to this country, and who was looked down upon by the rest of the lads of the village, was found in the backyard of a widow sawin wood for her, and from that time on a supply of wood was always found at the door of this aged woman.

The policy of the Association is largely one of decentralization, each community having a committee of gentlemen known as the local Association, who guide the activities of the movement in that centre, and who are responsible to the Provincial Office for the movement in their community.

The activities will fit in with any boys' organization, and have been taken up by Sunday Schools and day schools with success. The Association is open to boys of any denomination or creed, the aim being to bring about a spirit of good comradeship among all boys.

Since the outbreak of war the Boy Scouts have taken an active part in all that relates to the help of the Empire in her hour of need. Hundreds of Scout officers and senior Scouts are in the trenches or training to go.

The following is simply a section of a letter received from the front showing the spirit of the boys, also a sample report from one of the Districts.

Portion of Letter Received from the Front.

"As you will see by your letter being returned to you marked 'Died of Wounds' one of the old boys has passed away. He and his mate, who also died, were on duty in one of our telephone stations in the front trenches when a large German shell exploded on the corner of their dugout, completely demolishing it, and burying the two men. When dug out they were both quite conscious, and as game a pair as I have seen. Both of them had their two legs badly broken, but each insisted that the other be looked after first. They were rushed to hospital but died two days later. Our section felt the loss very keenly, as, except for one man wounded at Ypres last April, these are our only casualities. But we are very proud of their pluck.

"The doctors, and in fact everyone who saw them before they died have nothing but praise for their gameness."

The question frequently is asked, "What of all this scout training? How does this really benefit our boys?" Such a broad question always is difficult to answer except in a general way. I think the average reader will agree that the boy who lives up to Scout laws is sure to be a better boy for having done so. But "how better?" is a question that still remains.

I think that one of the most convincing answers to the "How better?" question is found in Ian Hay's wonderful new war book "The First Hundred Thousand." In this book which by the way has just been published by William Briggs, of Toronto, the author follows one of the British battalions through the recruiting and training periods and then goes with them into the trenches in Flanders. Mr. Hay gives us some wonderful word pictures of the kind of men who are wresting inch by inch the ground gained in the early days of the war by the Huns. I quote from one of these character sketches—and with Mr. Hay's words answer the "How better" question asked of the boy scouts.

In one chapter Mr. Hay describes a practice battle between the Reds and the Blues of the battalion just before they crossed over into France. The opposing forces were assigned to different positions. One division was given the task of capturing the other division. The scouts for the advancing section were called together and given their instructions.

"A and B Companies represent the enemy. They are beyond that crest finishing the trenches. They intend to hold these against our attack. Our only chance is to take them by surprise. As they will probably have thrown out a line of outposts, you scouts will now scatter and endeavor to get through that line or at least obtain knowledge of its composition."

"The scouts silently scattered, and each man set out to pierce his allotted section of the enemies' position. Private Dunshie, who had hoped for a

road, or at least a cart tract, to follow, found himself, by the worst of luck, assigned to a portion of the thick belt of wood which stretched between the two roads. Nature had not intended him for a pioneer. He was essentially a city man. However he toiled on, rending the undergrowth, putting up game, falling over tree roots, and generally acting as advertising agent for the approaching attack.

"By way of contrast, two hundred yards to his right, picking his way with cat like care and rare enjoyment, was Private M'Snape. He was the true scout breed. In the dim and distant days before the call of the blood had swept him into K (1), he had been a Boy Scout of no mean repute." (I do not doubt that Private M'Snape as a Boy Scout had won the right to wear the badges which denote a Scout of the first class). "He was clean in person and courteous in manner. He could be trusted to deliver a message promptly. He could light a fire in a high wind with two matches and provide himself with a meal of sorts where another would have starved. He could distinguish an oak from an elm and was sufficiently familiar with the movements of the heavenly bodies to be able to find his way across country by night. He was truthful, and amenable to discipline. In short he was the embodiment of a system which in times of peace had served as a text for innumerable well-meaning but muddle-headed politicians of a certain type who made a specialty of keeping the nation upon the alert against the insidious encroachments of——Heaven Help Us!——Militarism!

"To-night all M'Snape's soul was set on getting through the enemy's outpost line, and discovering a way of ingress for the host behind him. He had no map, but he had the Plough and a fitful moon to guide him, and he held a clear notion of the disposition of the trenches in his retentive brain. On his left he could hear the distressing sounds of Dunshie's dolorous progress; but these were growing fainter. The reason was that Dunshie, like most persons who follow the line of least resistance, was walking in a circle. In fact, a few minutes later his circuitous path brought him out upon the long straight road which ran up over the hill towards the trenches.

"With a sigh of relief Dunshie stepped out upon the good hard macadam, and proceeded with the merest show of stealth up the gentle gradient. But he was not yet at ease. The overarching trees formed a tunnel in which his footsteps reverberated uncomfortably. The moon had retired behind a cloud. Dunshie, gregarious and urban, quaked anew. Reflecting longingly upon his bright and cosy billet, with the "subsistence" which was doubtless being prepared against his return, he saw no occasion to reconsider his opinion that in the country no decent body should ever be called up to go out after dark unaccompanied. At that moment Dunshie would have bartered his soul for the sight of an electric tram.

"The darkness grew more intense. Something stirred in the wood beside him, and his skin tingled. An owl hooted suddenly, and he jumped. Next, the gross darkness was illuminated by a pale and ghostly radiance, coming up from behind; and something brushed past him—something which squeaked and panted. His hair rose upon his scalp. A friendly "Good-night!" uttered in a strong Hampshire accent into his left ear, accentuated rather than soothed his terrors. He sat down suddenly upon a bank by the roadside, and feebly mopped his moist brow.

"The bicycle, having passed him, wobbled on up the hill, shedding a fitful ray upon alternate sides of the road. Suddenly—raucous and stunning, but oh, how sweet!—rang out the voice of Dunshie's lifelong friend, Private Mucklewame.

"'Halt! Wha goes there?'"

The cyclist made no reply, but kept his devious course. Private Mucklewame, who liked to do things decently and in order, stepped heavily out of the hedge into the middle of the road, and repeated his question in a reproving voice. There was no answer.

"This was most irregular. According to the test of the spirited little dialogue in which Mucklewame had been recently rehearsed by his piquet commander, the man on the bicycle ought to have said "Friend!" This cue received, Mucklewame was prepared to continue. Without it he was gravelled. He tried once more.

"'Halt! Wha goes——'

"'On His Majesty's Service, my lad!' responded a hearty voice; and the postman supplementing this information with a friendly good-night, wobbled up the hill and disappeared from sight.

"The punctilious Mucklewame was still glaring severely after this unseemly 'Gagger,' when he became aware of footsteps upon the road. A pedestrian was plodding up the hill in the wake of the postman. He would stand no nonsense this time.

"'Halt!' he continued. 'Wha goes there?'

"'Hey, Jock,' inquired a husky voice, 'is that you?'

"This was another most irregular answer. Declining to be drawn into impromptu irrelevancies, Mucklewame stuck to his text.

"'Advance yin,' he continued, 'and give the countersign, if any!'

"Private Dunshie drew nearer.

"'Jock,' he inquired wistfully, 'hae ye gotten a fag?'

"'Aye' replied Mucklewame, friendship getting the better of conscience.

"'Will ye give a body yin?'

"'Aye. But ye canna smoke on outpost duty,' explained Mucklewame sternly. 'Forbye the officer has no been roond yet,' he added.

"'Onyway,' urged Dunshie eagerly, 'let me be your prisoner! I'll bide with the other boys in here aboot the dyke.'

"The hospitable Mucklewame agreed, and Scout Dunshie overcome at the prospect of human companionship promptly climbed over the low wall and attached himself in the role of languishing captive, to Number Two Sentry-Group of Number Three Platoon.

"Meanwhile M'Snape had reached the forward edge of the wood, and was cautiously reconnoitring the open ground in front of him. There must be a sentry-group somewhere here, he calculated—say midway between the roads. He must walk warily.

"Easier said than done. At this very moment a twig snapped beneath his foot with a noise like a pistol-shot, and a covey of partridges flying out upon the stubble beside him made an indignant evacuation of their roosting. The mishap seemed fatal: M'Snape stood like a stone.

"Having decided that there was no sentry-group between the two roads, M'Snape turned his back upon the wood and proceeded cautiously forward. He was not quite satisfied in his mind about things.

"Next moment the solution of the puzzle was in his very hand—in the form of a stout cord stretching from right to left. He was just in time to avoid tripping over it. It was suspended about six inches above the ground.

"You cannot follow a clue in two directions at once; so after a little consideration M'Snape turned and crawled along to his right, being careful to avoid touching the cord. Presently a black mass loomed before him, acting apparently as terminus to the cord. Lying flat on his stomach, in order to get as much as possible of this obstacle between his eyes and the sky, M'Snape was presently able to descry, plainly silhouetted against the starry landscape, the profile of one Bain, a scout of A Company, leaning comfortably against a small bush, and presumably holding the end of the cord in his hand.

"M'Snape wriggled silently away, and paused to reflect. Then he began to creep forward once more.

"Having covered fifty yards, he turned to his right again, and presently found himself exactly between Bain

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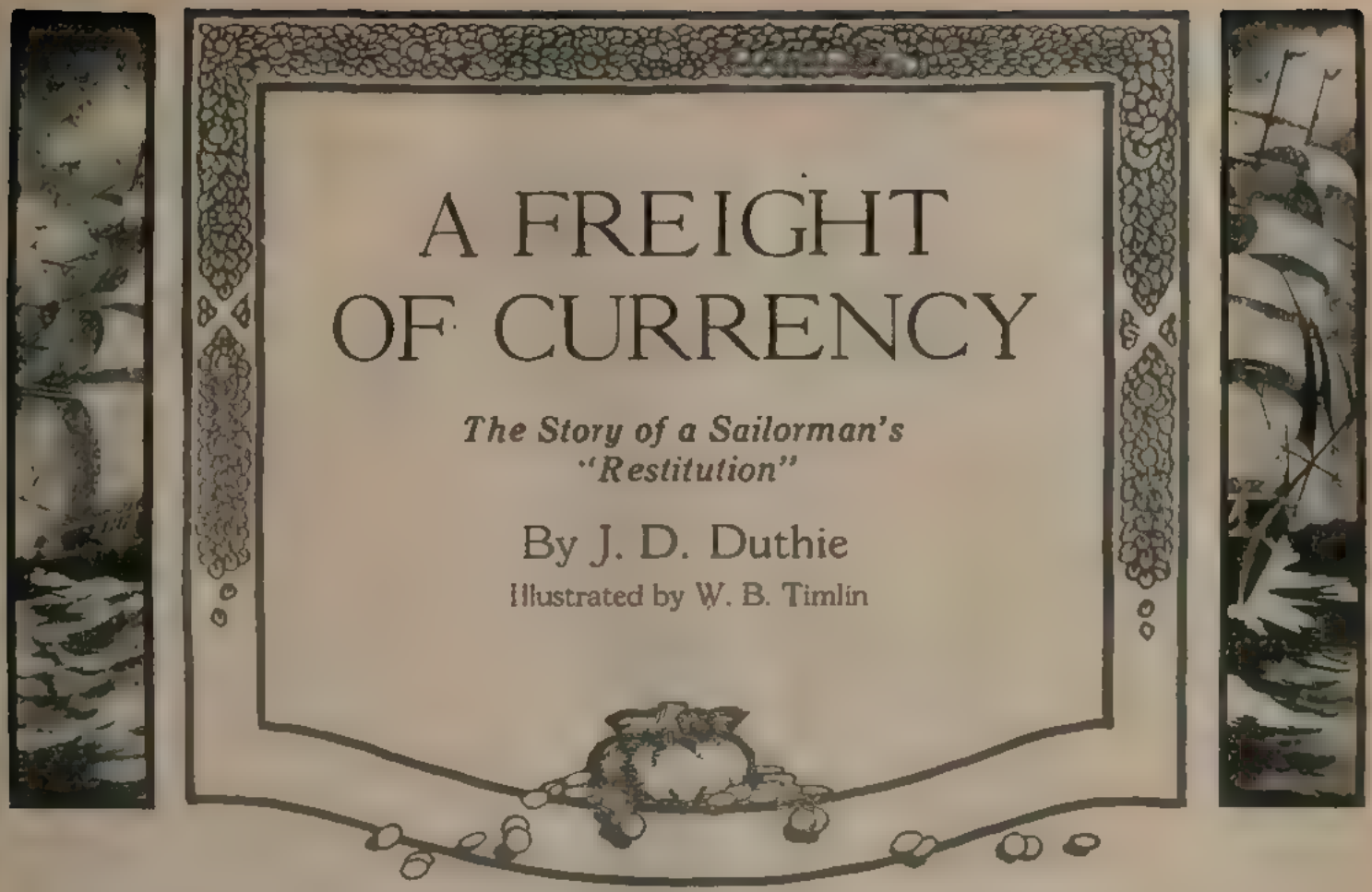

A FREIGHT OF CURRENCY

The Story of a Sailorman's "Restitution"

By J. D. Duthie

Illustrated by W. B. Timlin

OLD Captain Joshua Windlass had received his last call. He knew it by certain ghostly premonitions which are as real factors in the life of the average sailor man as are the stars that guide him on the trackless deep.

He had made up his mind, and when a man has made up his mind to "let go," generally speaking he is as good as dead.

With old Cap' Windlass, however, it was different. In prospect of his approaching dissolution, he was spending the moments that remained to him in mentally arranging as to the disposal of his goods and chattels, dictating (also mentally) his instructions with that regard to detail which had marked his conduct of the business of ship chandler for well nigh a quarter of a century.

The business of his life, whatever else it meant, had left a residue of all kinds of real estate, from house property to "Surrender Values," and from spent bullets to second-hand coronets.

What it had amounted to, no living creature save himself could guess at, but a carefully compiled inventory in his own handwriting certainly existed and accounted for everything down to the last collar-stud.

The Captain's wealth in real and illusive property was known to be considerable; some placing it at a fabulous figure, and already at least one bird of prey hovered around within striking distance, ready to swoop down the moment the last flickering gleam of life died out.

The ghoul in this case was one of those predatory creatures that seem to come from nowhere at the sight or smell of the merest morsel of flesh still remaining on the fast whitening bones.

What was expected to be the death chamber was the small back parlor of a wheezy, old, wooden structure wedged into a pile of dilapidations close to Cherry Garden's Pier, Rotherhithe. The window commanded a wide sweep of the Thames fairway with its multitude of craft of all kinds, from the bobbing little skiff of the river-pilot to the gigantic liner, and nearby were the East India Docks, whence, for the greater part, old Windlass had drawn the revenue which was now exercising the last moments of his life.

It was late in the afternoon of a black November day. The little apartment, crowded to excess with rickety furniture and the amazing paraphernalia of a chandler's shop, possessed not a single ray of comfort saving the spectral flame of an evil-smelling oil lamp. The odor from its neglected wick blended at times with a whiff of the slime and garbage from the river, and the sulphur-laden dampness of a genuine London fog that oozed in at every crevice.

The dying man was the sole occupant of the room, not one article or adornment of which, in many years had felt the tenderness of a woman's hand. He lay on a couch, buried under a confused pile of bed-clothing, top-coats and rugs, tossing impatiently and starting up from time to time to look at the clock and listen for some expected footstep.

At last it came, followed by a shrimp of a lad, wringing wet with the unwholesome night-dew, his face glowing with the proud feeling of youth in its triumph over difficulty.

"I found him, Unc' Josh!" the boy began excitedly, and proceeded as his breath permitted. "I saw the tug down Blackwell Reach. O Lor' it was thick! I knew it was the *Sparrow Hawk* by her ugly nose, and there, sure enough, was the *Mermaid* in tow. I pulled in to her and there was Sam right for'ard. Wanted me to get on deck right away, but I told him—couldn't leave you. Said you wanted to see him quick. They are warping her in now and he is coming along soon as they make her fast."

"Good boy, Sonny!" and the old man almost sprang from his deathbed with the satisfaction the lad had brought him.

"Now you go an' get tea ready, Sonny: got any sassiges ?"

"Ra-ther ! Got all the truck, an' I brought you a tin o' lobster, Unc' Josh, thinkin' as 'ow you'd fancy it."

"Young rascal," muttered the old man to himself, with a suppressed chuckle; "he knows they pizen me, but he likes a bit hisself, and old Sam would eat nothing else if they'd let him."

"Say, Unc' Josh; have ye seen Dick hanging around sence I went out ?" the boy inquired in a startled tone as he re-entered the room with the tea utensils.

"No, Sonny; why do you ask ?"

"Well I'd swear it was 'im I passed in the yard just now. It was a man his size, but he didn't have a beard like Dick used to have. I watched him when he couldn't see me, and he looked all round and up to the window as if he were tryin' to see how he could get up to it."

The old man trembled with real alarm, and his face blanched to a deathly palor as he nervously turned his eyes towards the window. There were wide margins around the shrunken blind through which any one from the outside could obtain at least a partial view of what was going on within, and he instructed the boy to get a newspaper and "plug up the last peephole."

The little fellow did as he was told, and in anticipation of the coming of "Unc' Sam," did his best to transform that dingy, malodorous junk shop into a comfortable little cabin. A bright fire with the sausages and onions sizzling to the music of the kettle on the hole quickly overcame the depression of the dark and clammy atmosphere, and a second lamp was lit to make a "real illumination" in honor of the expected guest.

Hardly had these homely preparations been completed when the well-know heavy footstep was heard on the creaking stairs, and the next moment, the captain of the brigantine *Mermaid* swept into the room like a tempest of sunlight shattering the gloom of a prison cell.

"Well ! Well !! Well !!! I thought we were coming home to a burial, but here's a show and a smell like an Italian wedding !" and the two worthies almost embraced each other, while the boy's heart danced in a transport of delight.

It was a great re-union, and they kept it up till the night had far advanced and the lad was peremptorily ordered aloft to his hammock. He usually slept in a bunk within call of his grandfather, but to-night it was to become the couch of the visitor.

When the boy had gone and might reasonably be supposed to be fast asleep, Windlass solemnly informed his friend that he had something of serious import to say to him and which could no longer be postponed.

"Sam: I've had a vision, and my hour has come at last. There ain't no doubt about it, I've paid out the last o' my cable an' I may bring up at any moment. I've hung together a long time now, but my old timbers have been in too many cross seas to stand it much longer. I'm about to break up as sure as eggs is eggs."

Evidently the skipper of the *Mermaid* knew his man, or the staging of a deathbed scene presented so little of the nature of novelty to his observation, he did not so much as raise his eyes in response to this awful announcement from his old ship-mate. A long silence followed and then it was Sam who spoke.

"Seems to me, Josh, you're going to take a mighty long time to cross that "bar" you keep talking about. Why, you were tryin' to make it last time I came home, and the time afore that !"

"Ah ! Sam, but I'm goin' into port this time, sure enough. Anyhow, I've made up my mind to get off my chest what I ought to have coughed up long ago. Listen, mate:

"I've seen a vision since the last time we smoked a pipe together, an' I know as sure as you're settin' there that I've dotted the last 'i' in my log book." (In a sepulchral whisper) "I've seen Mary ! It's twenty-one year ago last Sunday since she died, and on Sunday night as I lay here, she came in at that there door an' smiled on me as she useter when I tried to argie with her 'bout cookin' things. She never spoke a word."

"Them kind o' visions don't speak, they say," interpolated Sam

"She never spoke, but I could see it in her face, as plain as print could make it: 'Come home, Josh,' an' then she glided acrost to where the boy lay sound asleep, patted him on the brow, an' then slipped out at the door again, which was locked an' bolted all the time, mind ye."

"Wasn't that the night ye eat the two tin o' lobster afore bed-time, Josh ?"

"Perhaps it were; but the lobster nor nothing in the sea or tins or out of them had to do with *that* vision. An' ye can't shake it out o' me that she wants me; an' I've got to go to 'er. Our lass Elsie in Canada is the very picter o' her. Poor Elsie ! I've made her lot a mighty hard one, but I'm going to soften it for her now, poor little lass, an' I want ye to help me, Sam."

"O I know I've been a cross-grained, pig-headed old ass, an' if I went to hell for the way I've served that girl, I'd have no right to complain. You know I wanted her to marry Dick but she saw more than I did with her woman's instinc'. An, now look at it ! She's done a bit o' hard sleddin' since she crossed the Atlantic with George Allen, but wouldn't it have been hell if she had got moored to Dick ?"

"It was Dick who ruined George. Well he took all his money from him, but thank God he left him his character though I didn't see it at the time,

"There's only one bank that's safe, Sam, and that's the Bank of England. But, blow me, they give you such measly interest"

obstinate old fool that I was. Could you conceive a bigger blackguard than that great lubber of a fellow? He has hounded me ever since Elsie married, an' God knows what's in his mind now. His three years' stretch at Portland was up last week, an' do you know, Sonny believes he saw him skulking about the backyard to-night, ogglin' that same window an' seein' how he could get up to it."

"Sam, that man will be the death o' me, even if he never touches a hair of my head. The mere thought of him and the horrible sensation of knowing he is at large are too much for my nerves to stand much longer. I tell you, I'm breakin' up fast."

"Stand by there, old friend; don't you get on-easy. The devil is a main smart chap, but there's always a shipmate somewhere a bit smarter than he is. What's yer game?"

Windlass raised himself slowly on his couch till he painfully reached the vertical. With a haunted look towards the window, he seized his friend by the wrist and charged him by all the sacred ties of friendship to stick, absolutely to the letter of the trust he was about to impose on him.

"Did I ever fool ye, Josh?" the honest skipper protested in a tone in which there was more than a suspicion of pique.

"No, Sam; you've been a loyal shipmate, an' I ain't doubtin' ye one bit, my hearty. You know how I've scraped an' pinched: an' what has it all amounted to? I've got a pile o' money and a house full o' junk; but seriously now, do you know a more miserable den on God's earth than this place is, or a more discontented reptile than I have been?"

Sam's answer to this query indicated that he was in perfect accord with the Captain's appreciation of himself. At all events he was in no humor to argue the point even if his quiver had been full of arguments to the contrary.

"Well, Sam, I've bin woke up to the fact that all them years I've swindled Elsie out o' the best o' her life's happiness; made a drudge o' her when she was with me, an' then denied her the only thing she ever asked of me—the right to marry the boy she loved.

"O yes! I've woke up o' nights, many an', many's the time, thinkin' about her strugglin' in a bit o' a shack away out on the Canadian prairie; an' at them times if it 'adn't been for the sight o' Sonny there, his innocent little face the very image o' his dead mother's, I'd a gone mad. But that call o' the wife's last Sunday night capped it, an' God an' Sam Slimber helpin' me, I'm goin' to make restitooshin. Gi' me a hand to get up, Sam."

Having assisted him to a huge, moth-eaten chintz-covered arm chair, Sam

"O yes! I've woke up o' nights, many and many's the time, thinkin' about her strugglin' in a bit of a shack away out on the Canadian prairie

was commanded to inspect what appeared to be an old brandy keg, converted into a sort of coal bin.

It was, in fact, what it appeared to be, but there was a "power o' deception" in its real purpose. Having jettisoned three or four handfuls of the coal, Sam came to a false bottom that bisected the keg into nearly equal parts. There was a small iron ring in the centre of this false bottom or trap-door which Sam was requested to seize hold of and raise gently. As he did so, the false bottom revealed a large cannister of sheet iron which perfectly fitted the circumference of the keg.

It represented a dead weight of about twenty pounds, and Sam's first business was to place it on a stool by the side of its owner so that he could conveniently handle its contents from where he sat.

"You recollect when the 'Liberator' bust, don't you Sam?" Well a whole lot o' people I knew went down in that wreck, an' I was as near as a toucher in it, too. But I got the wink in time an' took my stuff out the day before the doors were closed, an' I've been my own banker ever since. There's nothing like havin' the gold an' the notes under your own thumb. Ye know they're *there*, but if they are in some rotten bank or buildin' club like the 'Liberator' that goes to pieces—where are ye?

"There's only one bank that's safe, Sam, an' that's the Bank o' England. But, blow me! they give you such measley interest, you can do better with your chink in a cat's meat barra. So you'll find this 'ere box contains exactly seven thousand, eight hundred pound in Bank o' England notes, an' two hundred and twenty gold sovereigns. Then there's forty-five gold Napoleons an' a bit o' diamond jewellery that it would be hard to value

"My wife's father swapped them Napoleons an' the bit o' jewellery for ready cash with one o' them Orleans crowd when they were driven out o' France an' came over here. They settled near Twickenham Ferry where my wife's father did a little bit o' a jewellery trade, an' that's how he got

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Great gardens about the villages in which grow the white man's food—potatoes, cabbage, turnips, carrots and the like

The Spirit of a People

By Hugh J. Hughes

Illustrated from Photographs

THE recipe for traveling is very simple: Take along all your past experience, and in the light of it interpret what you see.

In such fashion Mrs. Hughes and I spent a month with our Neighbor of the North, visiting her cities, her prairies, her mountains, her rivers, and, best of all, her people. We carried with us memories of the wheat fields, visions of the panoramic life of the great Middle West, stories that are family heirlooms of the migration from beyond the sea. And at last, when we least expected it, came the opportunity to go back, step by step, along the highway of years, and once more watch the swarming of the peoples, the blazing of the trail, the making of a new land.

In the chapters that have preceded, I have tried to give you the connected thread of the story that runs gleaming from the shuttle of memory, but strands here and there refuse to relate themselves to the sequence of things—little memories that play about us, dream children as it were—as we sit on our porch in the twilight, watching the sun go down over the waters

And in the confidence that such an hour of quiet imposes let me whisper to you that life has been very good indeed to us. We have not reached middle life without having been bound to the wheel, yet we were not broken. The ambitions of youth have not been realized, but others have come. The earlier flames have died down, but the fires of hope and love and faith burn brighter than ever. The children gather about us, almost grown, but as the years pass we are growing younger—in the dreams and ideals that make life a reality.

And so in gladness at being alive, and with something of sympathy and with a little of understanding of life we went on our way—just two plain folks traveling a bit, taking with us our experiences as a guide.

The Spirits of War and Peace

IT was in Winnipeg, and early August of 1914. The war that is now withering half the world was just born. By preference, in order to get at the viewpoint of the average Canadian we had gone to a cheap boarding house, a

place where shop girls at $8 per week could afford to room and board. Perhaps forty people, all told, ate in the dining-room. The fare was cheap, the clothes were cheap, the talk was cheap. Just the usual banter that about the farm table, the boarding house, the average American home passes for conversation.

Across the table from us sat a pink-cheeked boy of perhaps eighteen, the down hardly on his lip, a blush running whenever he caught a glance from one of the girls. One night his place stood vacant. One of the boys remarked: "An' w'ere is Johnny?"

A serving-girl answered: "'O? Johnny? Aye! Johnny gaed wi tha trupes. Come 'ame a roonin' this arternoon, thrune 'is duds aboot an' left tha a-lyin' an' Johnny's gaed to tha war—an' him wi' a mither all alone!"

"Johnny'll do 'is bit!" quietly returned the boy. "I wish I war 'e."

And Johnny did do his bit at Ypres.

A memory rises to remind me of Prince Rupert and the tramping of soldiers' feet, the lithe grey lines of a British cruiser, the sentries that gently requested us to go no farther along certain paths.

One night—I think I never shall forget that night!—the noise in the street below rose into an uproar. We went down and into the cool night. On the sidewalk a crowd of men were gathered, and in their center one alone was facing an angry mob. He was a German. He was of the lineage of the dreamers. He believed, as some of us have believed, that peace and not war glorifies a nation. His world had fallen to pieces. His Fatherland was at war—and with his adopted country. But there amid that whirling crowd of cursing, blaspheming men of the lower sort he stood bareheaded, his voice controlled, his eyes dim with emotion, pleading for charity, for forbearance, for peace. I wondered then at his courage. To-day it seems to me the greatest thing I have ever seen a human soul do. And the crowd must have dimly realized it, for slowly it melted away, and left the man it had set about to mishandle to go his way unafraid.

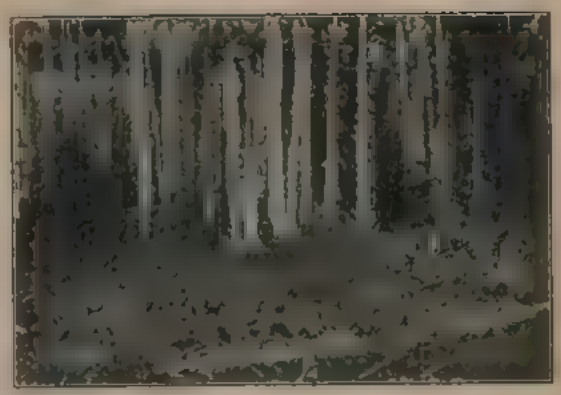
The Spirit of the Past

THE quaint French suburb of St. Boniface is just across the river from Winnipeg. There one sees the French Canadian among his fellows. Wooden shoes clatter up the streets, shops carry signs in French, the very streets themselves bear French names, the houses hide behind paling fences, and family groups sit out on the lawns as the shadows fall, reminding one strongly of the pictures of the elder France that hang in our galleries, or that the children have in school to illustrate their geography lessons. It was quite clear to these folks that we were strangers, so they took pains to stop and to direct us, with many gestures, to the places of chief interest. I suppose they go to law with their neighbors, just as we do, but the impression they leave with a stranger is that of a quiet, kindly, old-fashioned people who love their fellow-men.

Our train stopped for a half hour at Calgary, once a great cattle town, now a city of railroad shops, of busy merchants, of far-reaching business interests—and of speculation. The speculation, other than that in land, is in oil. If death and taxes are certain, oil and party pledges, too, belong at the other end of the list.

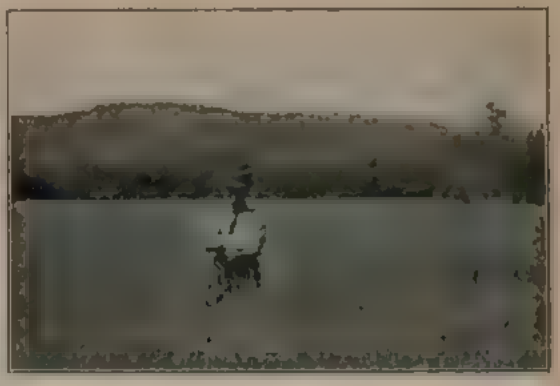
The entire front of a building had been removed. Seats, rising in tiers like those at a ball park, lined either side. A clear open space of perhaps ten feet wide by one hundred deep ran the length of the building. In the center of this space stood the auctioneer's block. On a wall opposite was a black-board. On the black-board was recorded the sales price of oil "wells" on the market. At the block stood the auctioneer. A man would go up to him, slip a piece of paper into his hand, and the bid-

Continued on page 59.



Here are muskeg bogs, modern schools, wild berries beside the streets in towns bound by their position to be great, and waiting for the world's commerce building while they wait, streets, commercial blocks, places of amusement, and over all, more vital than all else, homes

It is the homes that tell the final story — city or village. Some places are born just towns, even as some folks are born just hewers of wood and haulers of water. Other places are cities at birth full of the elemental greatness of cities



Towns must be fed. Some of them, like Vanderhoof, are so situated that they must become important points. With the overland traffic to help build the towns and under the pressure of high freight rates from outside the market will keep with the opening up of the land pace

The merchant, the tourist, the speculator, the man who figures that his luck will reach him here, the broken and the untried gather to become part of the Dream

One of Brophy's adversaries was stretched out in sleep on the pavement; the sailor was sitting on the other

A Primitive Professor

By Richard Washburn Child

Illustrated by Dan Sayre Groesbeck

THERE is, as you know, a cafe that spreads its tables out onto the sidewalks where, over an ice or a liqueur, one can see the band pavilion, the Prado and the Malecon with one eye-sweep. When the air is balmy, the sky above planted with stars, and the moonlight falls upon the grim romance of Morro Castle across the harbor mouth, it is pleasant to sit there, looking with a dreamy mind into the faces of the Havana parade of Cubans, negroes and Spaniards. These people are better artistic productions than ourselves. As for the Spanish women, in their Parisian finery and flick and flash of jewelry, they have a way of suggesting sun-ripened fruit in cut glass. And when the Carnival is at its height!

"They all seem to know better how to play," said Miss Dorothy C. Finch, wrinkling her perfect nose with an expression of pique. "We—and all Americans—know how to do everything except how to live and have fun. Oh, dear!"

Her companion across the insignificant diameter of the little companionable table was none other than our friend, Martin Lassiter, who had been left alone with her for three reasons. The first was that old Cheever Finch, who sold out to the Steel Trust after he had lost the knack of living, and Mrs. Cheever Thorndike Finch, who had resigned her social leadership only when she had become wearied of well ordered and well organized joy, were tired and wanted an excuse to use their eighteen-dollars-a-day suite in the hotel over the restaurant. The second reason was that Lassiter had three learned degrees, an appointment as full professor in psychology, a most desirable ancestry traced to the Lassiters of County Lassiter, who lived in a time long before the name Flinch had been changed to Finch, and had proven, after test, that he would make love to the perfect daughter academically—which won't work. The third reason was that conventions are unnecessary in places where no one knows you.

So Martin, immaculate in white alpaca, sat there with complete happiness and with Dorothy of the golden hair and glowing health. There was the moon, the Carnival, the luxuriant, soft music, the laughter, the smell of flowers, the spinning past of motor cars, the languid roll of elegant broughams; he cared not for the hidden reasons why his mind, which had reached middle age twenty years in advance of his body, had allowed him to feel that all the mad joy of many universes was in Miss Finch's graceful hands, lurking at the corners of her mouth, or tied by the strands of the hair above her white forehead. He cared not why he had even forgotten that she owned all the bonds of the Intra State & Western Railroad. He cared not that she knew little of learned matters, had no experience in wit beyond that kind which is bred at dances and functions, and had never learned to do anything useful. He cared not why. To the devil with psychology! He was in love!

He made up his mind that he would express this emotion then and there. Far in the distance he could hear the shuffling and weird chanting of a negro "comparsa"—the solemn orgy of Africa kept alive in the Indies. The moment seemed fitting. He adjusted his glasses, playing with a little coffee cup with the white fingers of his other hand.

"I'm glad that we met here—that is, in, Havana, at this time—" he began.

Miss Finch opened her eyes—a delightful spectacle, especially in a soft evening light.

"Why, so am I!" she said, for she liked Lassiter very much, his manners, his odd sense of humor and his brilliant intellect. "Nevertheless," she added, with a slight movement of her shoulders beneath the clinging material which covered them, "nevertheless, you seem to have forgotten *me* entirely. You have not been listening. I said I wished we Americans knew how to play—how to live."

"I beg your pardon," Martin stam-

Lassiter braced himself and with a crooked arm caught the charging policeman on the taut cords of his neck

machete-swords being struck against the paving and he concluded to cast his fortunes with the sailor man

mered. "Yes—yes. You are right." He was a little taken back by the unwonted philosophical mood of the young lady. "But spontaneity is, perhaps, an attribute of animals and children. Nations that can play are nations of peasants, of children, of animal spirits. There is something to be said for those peoples who do *not* know how to play."

"Not for mine," said Dorothy. Chicago is her home.

Martin allowed himself the delight of laughing patronizingly. The point of view of the girl was so refreshing and so young.

"Well," she said, resting her chin on the back of her hand, "why not? what do we gain by always being so dead in earnest about life—like mother and father. Why is everybody so crazy about getting a big store of something? Look at father. It's money. Look at yourself. It's learning. All right, if you can have a good time doing it. But I wish to be a child, a peasant, an animal—if it's necessary to know how to *live*. Here we sit. Well, let's join the parade and throw confetti!"

Lassiter's spirits wriggled sympathetically. He looked about at the noisy concourse on the Prado beneath the bobbing lights and then at his watch. It was nearly two. A moment of hush brought the sound of the breakers rolling in from the Gulf onto the beach that stretched along toward the Vedado. A cat-footed waiter prowled about the empty tables left as the patrons' ranks were thinned. Lassiter then closed his watch with a snap, put it back in his pocket, and touched his shaven lip with his finger.

"It's too late," he said with a tone of finality. "We are all going to breakfast with the Department Commander at ten. And besides—I think your mother expects us to stay here."

"There!" nodded Miss Dorothy. "There speaks a civilized man—a nice, highly civilized man—a man with manners and customs all cut out of the pattern book. If I couldn't be devilish, or foolish, or happy, I wouldn't want to live. What's the use? What's the use of thinking so hard about a dollar or a Ph.D., or a breakfast with a Department Commander? I'd rather be a peasant."

"Oh, well," said Martin, with a fluttering in his throat, "I have another reason. It's selfish. I wanted this moment here with you. There is ten years' difference in our ages. I mean by that—that it has been found that— What I wanted to say——"

"Wait!" Miss Finch leaned her lithe young body over the table. A glass rolled off onto the tiles, tinkling into bits. The passersby turned and laughed at the music of it. "Wait, Martin," she said earnestly. "I know what you wanted to say. I could tell by your expression. I've seen it in other faces before. Eight other men—but I shouldn't have said anything about them. You see I like you. But the trouble is—I am not a complicated person a bit. I am elementary. But you aren't. That's the trouble. Just as I have been saying. We are totally different, I'm afraid. What did I say just now? Give me an elementary man. And I do not think you are an elementary man. Are you?"

"Very decidedly in my feelings."

"Towards me?"

"Yes."

"But all the bloom is off you, Martin," she said, attempting the easy manner of old friends. "Laughter and sunlight, and things like daisies and anger and the fun of letting loose—once in a while— Oh, you are way beyond all of them. You're not a savage."

He looked back at her painfully, feeling convinced perhaps. That feeling of the stake lost, the prize beyond winning, the woman out of reach, is terrible. Bachelors through the ages have accumulated a vast amount of evidence in support of its claim to sharp pain.

"I'm sorry you reminded me of the breakfast," Dorothy said, after a thick vegetation of silence had grown up between them. "I suppose I ought to ask you to take me to the elevator."

Lassiter motioned to the waiter with his eyeglasses held between his thumb and forefinger. It seemed to him in the moments of paying the check and walking with her through the tables and the palm bedecked courtyard, that the girl had never seemed so beautiful. The fish that breaks the hook is always the larger for having escaped. Martin felt like the typhoid fever. He has never been able to remember saying good night to her; in fact, he only began to realize reality when he found himself standing on the edge of the sidewalk.

Chance played fast and loose then with the Blake Professor of Experimental Psychology. A hack—a good, old-fashioned, Kalamazoo-made hack—had just discharged its freight of evening-dress gentlemen and sparkling, scarfed ladies at the hotel door.

"My man," said Martin to the driver, "have you an engagement?"

The fellow on the box shook his head.

"You speak English?"

The driver nodded. Lassiter climbed in, adjusted his glasses on his thin aquiline nose, and placed his feet on the seat before him.

"Take me where there is trouble—trouble with a large T," he said savagely.

The driver wiped the edges of his hat on his coat sleeve; with perfect impudence he lit a cigarette, puffed it down in four Titanic inhalings and with four volcanic explosions of smoke. The horse's ears hung down. The Cuban snapped the stump directly over the animal's forelock. Then he turned around slowly and inspected his passenger. His deliberate manner was the more obvious because, though it is characteristic of his profession, it is far from characteristic of his race.

"Would Senor wish to attend a riot?" he asked, starting his horse forward down the Prado.

"Yes—an explosion — fire — riot — anything! Is a riot in progress?"

"Soon."

"Soon!" exclaimed Lassiter in surprise. "How can one know that?"

The Cuban laughed at his passenger's

ignorance. "There is ten—twenty, many sailors of the United States ashore. From boat called the *Coyote*. Cruiser. It is Carnival, Senor. Some of the police off duty this afternoon rowed to the boat, Senor. They made faces—like this. They mean, 'We dare you to come ashore.' Therefore the Americanos do it. I drive you to San Valencia Street. You will not be disappointed, Senor. *Un peso por hora.*"

"Will it be safe ?"

The driver shrugged his shoulders, casting a supercilious glance up at the laurels under which, in the central plaza, the carriage was rolling. "Senor is looking for—what is the word—trouble—trouble with one big T ?"

"Go to it !" he said to the driver, remembering that this expressive bit of slang had fallen from the most beautiful lips in the world. He leaned back on the cushions, gazing about at the iron gratings and shutters in the tinted walls of a narrow side street where the horses' hoofs on the cobble-stones echoed as they fell with a noisy cloop-cloop-cloop.

Another noise, however, was asserting itself. In front, somewhere, there was a glow of light and the distant mumble of voices, laughter and mechanical pianos. Through a cross lane a surging crowd of merry-makers was moving in two streams. No women were there; between the lines of little saloons, pool rooms and cafes, gay with crepe paper, flags and white-framed mirrors, the mob without reason or individual volition, shouting, laughing, jostling, drinking, waving hands and, like Martin Lassiter, wishing to see trouble, was composed of men. It came, went and eddied like dust in the wind. Here and there three or four sailors' uniforms appeared in a group. Here and there two or three of the brown clad, swarthy, waxed moustached policemen stood at corners of streets, directing those who paused to keep on with the movement of the others. These groups were watched by the bacchanalians as if the quarter from which trouble would come had already been determined.

"This is no place," thought Lassiter, "for the Blake Professor of Experimental Psychology !"

The crowd, surging forward through the cross street at this moment, engulfed the hack. Passersby leered at the gleam of Martin's glasses and at the solemnity of his face that was so out of keeping with the occasion and the time of night. He seemed like a newly starched and ironed shirt blown by the wind into an environment that boded ill to its continued whiteness. Even Lassiter himself felt so when a cigar, projected out of one of the open-front saloons, landed with its hot, scattering fire on the horse's back.

The animal plunged, slipped on the cobbles and was up again, his old blood coursing wildly in anger and terror. The driver was struggling with the reins, sawing at the bit; the crowd was scattering in front of the horse's plunges. Lassiter "thought it best" to open the door and step out into the street.

He at once found himself borne away in the stream of men; indeed, he only had one chance to see his horse and vehicle being led by three of the gesticulating, comic-opera policemen in the opposite direction. The driver was standing upright on his seat waving his arms. After several moments of anxiety and elbowing, he found that the darker the shut-in street became, the thinner was the crowd. In fact, he disengaged himself and leaned up against a plaster wall, straightening his necktie and wondering what he had better do next. He felt in his pocket. His money was gone !

"They are child-like, playful people!" he said to himself softly.

As if they had answered him, a great roar went up back there where the lights burned and the pianos drummed. Shouts, imprecations in Spanish, the scurry of the crowd, bobbing of hats, the sharp barking of police rattles and one good old American impropriety of speech lifted above the tumult, convinced him that the expected fight had begun. He could not see how he could help very much. Rowdyism was not his inclination. Therefore he walked away from it.

He had not gone very far, however, when pistol shots cracked out behind—the signal of distress of Cuban police who have had their clubs taken away, and as if in immediate answer came the yells and the clatter of a detachment of the Rural Guards bearing down upon him from the other direction—from the corner toward which he had been directing his steps. Far in advance of them loped a huge Irishman in the uniform of the United States Navy, engaged in his flight and at the same moment, as if to establish his nationality, he was daring them to fight, running and threatening at the same moment.

He was far enough in advance of the detachment to stop when he recognized in Lassiter's panic-stricken face the countenance of an American.

"What's the matter with ye, man ?" he cried. "Run !"

"I haven't done anything," Martin gasped.

"Ye was born in the States an' that's enough, me bye ! They can tell it as well as me. Them devils will skewer ye as quick as they'd look at ye." He grabbed the professor's sleeve. "Follow me !"

Lassiter heard the machete-swords being struck against the paving and house walls and the "Yah-yah-yah !" of the charging guards; he could see the sparks fly. However clear his conscience, he concluded to cast his fortune with the sailor man. The idea of holes in oneself is odious. He, too, ran, and, infected with the other's spirit, he too looked back over his shoulder and uttered an unfriendly, unacademic sentiment.

"My name's Mike Brophy, of the *Coyote*," said the sailor. "An' speakin' of names, there is Valencia's back garden ahead of us. We may get in there an' up the stairs. Do ye mind the way the saloon men is tryin' to get the shutters up !"

"Where are we going ?" gasped Lassiter. He could see the crowd scattering like peas on a barrel top. Even the sailors engaged in beating about with the policemen's clubs, were taking to flight.

"Stop here," said Brophy. "Valencia is so fat he can't move quick. Put yer foot in that door crack ! Move quick, you skip jack !"

The professor obeyed his superior, and their combined strength forced the rotund Valencia back until there was room enough to squeeze inside, where except for the street light which peeped in at the shutter cracks, it was pitch dark. The air was still heavy with cigar smoke and the odor of wet glasses. Lassiter could hear the panting of his companion and then the sound of blades beating on the door and commanding voices.

A hand reaching out through the ink of the gloom clutched his shoulder. "Come wid me," whispered Brophy, "there is stairs somewhere here."

"Fine !" said Martin. He was beginning to enjoy himself. He felt the delight of flight into the unknown, mysterious regions of the second floor. It was a surprise to him when Brophy pushed open the door at the head of the stairs that a flood of light came forth, showing the living quarters of Valencia. When the door had been closed behind them, he saw that sitting on a sofa in front of the heavy curtains over the windows was a Cuban girl of no mean appearance. She smiled as if she had expected them.

"We're safe here," Brophy was saying. "An' this here lady is Valencia's oldest daughter. She don't speak our jabber, but she's a lady. Flora, let me introduce yer to this here guy. He's a friend of mine, an' all right, I guess."

Lassiter bowed, the girl smiled; the room was both clean and cool. "Thank you for your kind words," Martin said to Brophy.

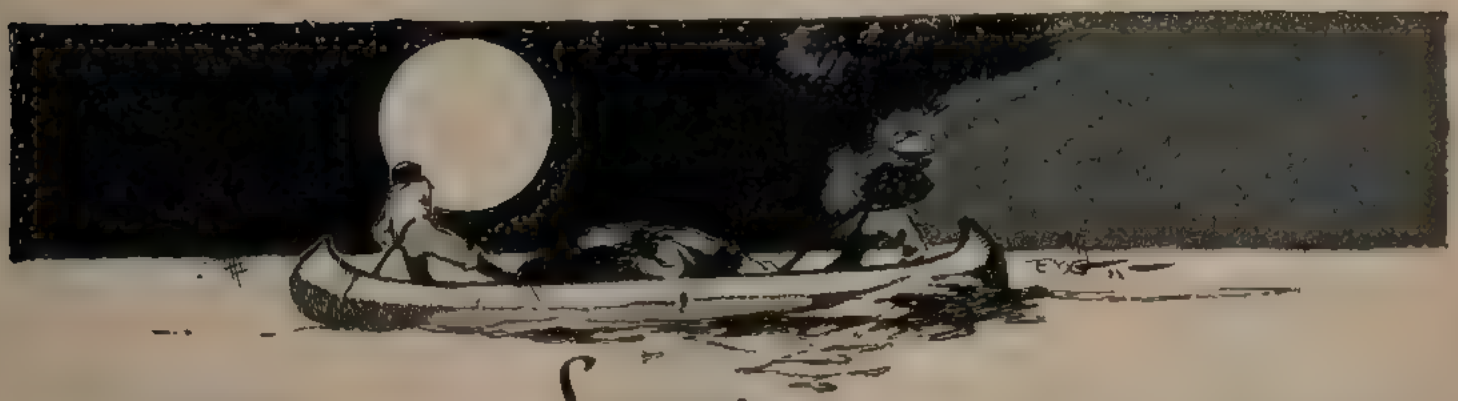
"Oh, that's all right, old sleuth," replied the sailor. "I'm sorry ye fell down. Them white clothes ain't no good fer that purpose."

Continued on page 41.

The Son of the Otter

By George Van Schaick

Illustrated by Frederic M. Grant



Synopsis

Peter McLeod is appointed agent for the Hudson Bay Company at Grand Lac, to succeed the inebriate Jim Barry, recently deceased. Upon his arrival at the Post, Peter finds stores depleted and accounts unkept. He tries to restore order and accidentally discharges an old pistol which wounds him in the leg. The various remedies applied by the Indians result in blood poisoning and he is near to death. Uapukun, a lovely young Indian girl, nurses him back to health and is rewarded with his love. She had been a servant for Barry's wife, during that unfortunate woman's lifetime, and her knowledge of affairs at the Post is a great aid to Peter in straightening out the financial chaos. She tells him that the brighteyed youngster Ahteck, always at her side, is her brother; both presently become essential to McLeod's happiness and he marries her. He never leaves her, the lithe young Indian lad, or their own two little ones and his fortunes prosper. One evil day, when he is away on a week's hunting trip a band of Nascaupees arrive and their spokesman reveals himself to Uapukun as the avenging husband who has sought out her hiding place. She can purchase his silence only by giving him expensive stores and firearms. She refuses and he is about to strike her when Ahteck, hearing his threats, rushes upon him and fells him with a blow. He believes he has killed his father, as he now knows him to be, and his fears are strengthened when the Indians flee overnight. He insists upon leaving home lest the punishment of offended deities may include those he loves, and journeys to Pointe Bleue, where he finds the Indians friendly. Here he works in a sawmill and lives with the family of Jean Caron, whose little daughter, Mititesh, alone can rouse him from his gloom. He goes on trapping expeditions with Caron's friend, Paul Barotte, and finally abandons his work at the sawmill for this newer occupation.

Upon the death of Peter McLeod, Uapukun seeks out Ahteck, overcomes his scruples, and, with the snug sum which Peter has left her, makes a comfortable home for Ahteck and the two children. With the coming of winter, Ahteck and Paul Barrotte start on their hunting trip to the North. Hither comes Jean Caron for help. His home has been burned, his wife and daughter, Mititesh, face starvation. His feeble strength fails him within sight of the shack and, with one despairing cry, he falls unconscious. Ahteck and Paul hear his appeal and quickly bear him to the shack.

CHAPTER X.

A VOYAGE OF RESCUE

AHTECK pulled his *tuque* over his ears and, taking no time to put on his snowshoes, floundered off in the deep snow, bucking it like a moose, tearing through the thick alders and young growth that sought to hold him back. His keen ears had located the place from which the cry had come, not over fifty yards away. In a moment he had reached it and, bending over, lifted up in his arms the spent form of the man. Heedless of the load he plunged back towards the camp as if his burden had been the body of a mere child.

Once within the shack, where Paul had hurriedly lighted a candle, they saw that the Indian was breathing and was returning to consciousness.

"Mother of Heaven!" cried Paul. "It is that poor Jean Caron! Something must have happened!"

Then, tenderly, they partly undressed him and rubbed the life back in his poor wasted limbs. Before they would allow him to speak they gave him hot tea, which he swallowed wolfishly, crying also for food. But he began to cough distressingly, and the others were compelled to realize that the decimating plague of their race had well-nigh ended its work.

Hurriedly, between gasps, while Jean Caron ate and drank, he managed to tell them what had occurred. It was but one of the all too frequent tales of disaster such as all trappers are familiar with in the country of the Grand Nord. The details, of course, are of infinite variety, but there is always the sombre background of cold, of starvation and, but too often, of a disease lingering for years, perhaps to end swiftly in the wilderness after more than wonted toil and exposure. He explained how the cough and the weakness had become so bad that he had been able to do little work, sometimes lying idly in the tent for many hours while the women had tried to do some of his work. He had been no longer the man who had once been able to show the endurance and the heart of a wild thing, traveling amazing distances on trapping lines, fighting against the killing cold and the hard going through mountainous snow-drifts, over hummocky swamps, among the forests in which the tangled trees of windfalls and the tottering ones are like pitfalls. Indeed it is no wonder that, for these men, the whole world appears to be filled with things of evil that await them at every turn, as the *loup-cervier* awaits the hare and the spotted fawn.

And now, the sick man told them, things were terrible at the camp. It was *eshiuelinaiuts*, the great famine, for even the blankets had all been burned up, excepting the two he had taken with him on his line of traps. He had been obliged to take one on this trip, leaving the other. The stored food was all gone, and there was nothing but the clothing they had stood in. Perhaps the little stove had not suffered much. The small amount of fur that had been caught was gone, and the world was a very hard place, and the ways of God were very mysterious, and he felt a great sleepiness and wanted to lie down.

"All of two long days it took for me to come here," he finally said, gasping. "There was no power in my limbs, that have turned to little sticks. Also I had no food with me, though yesterday

I killed a partridge. It was but small, one of the red-eyed black ones. The women will be living yet because I told them to eat the dog. It is but a small canoe-dog, as thou knowest, and will not last them long. Also the little *atum* is very lean, for food has been scarce with us."

After he had eaten as much as he desired, which was not a great deal, since he was very weak, they placed him in one of the two bunks built against the wall and covered him with blankets, after which he soon closed his eyes, being utterly exhausted. But the two lads realized that his efforts to reach them in order to save the lives of his women had left his own flickering like the flame of a candle in the wind, and that it would soon be extinguished.

Stopping in the lee of a great cliff arising close to the river, that was further sheltered by a growth of tall spruces and furs, he built a small fire and boiled his kettle

Even before the man had finished his brief account of the misfortunes that had brought him to seek help, Ahteck had begun to make ready for his journey. To him the trip would be an easier one. He had gone over the ground several times and knew the lay of the land. He would be able to avoid many of the terrible places through which Jean Caron had been compelled to flounder. Paul allowed him to do so, without a word, although he would have been glad to take the trip upon himself. On his part it was mere recognition of the fact that when unusual effort was required no man could prove stronger, more efficient and determined than his friend. In his pack Ahteck put a small package of tea, with some flour and fat pork. There was also a large piece of boiled moose-meat, together with his tea-kettle and frying pan. Then he rolled up his blankets also and took his gun, seeing that the magazine was full of cartridges, and looked carefully to the webbing of his snowshoes. Deliberate as he was in his movements, the young man never wasted effort. Things were done by him easily, simply, even slowly, and were finished before most other men would have been half-way through their work.

He was ready to leave when a severe fit of coughing aroused Jean Caron. The man understood at once the import of the big lad's preparations and looked at him, gratefully.

"I am much afraid for my woman," he said. "I know that thou wilt help her if thou art able. Also my heart is very sore for the child, my little daughter Mititesh, though the life is stronger within her and she will surely be living. I cannot last long and, in case of need, I leave her in thy keeping, knowing what a good man and a kind friend thou art."

Ahteck went up to him and took his clammy hand within his own. The Indian looked up at the young giant, whose great limbs showed the power to crush a way through resistance, to overcome all difficulties, to put forth more than ordinary human strength on his errand of mercy.

"May the Father in Heaven bless thee!" he said, "and guide thy footsteps! I would say more, but I cannot."

The man's head sank down again upon the piled up balsam boughs that served as a pillow, and closed his eyes in unutterable weariness.

"I will return here as soon as I can," declared Ahteck, "but I know not how soon it may be. I promise to bring them back here with me, if—if the Lord permits, and I will take care of thy child Mititesh, who shall be like a sister to me, I promise."

The man nodded, weakly lifting a hand in a vague motion that seemed to carry a blessing. Paul Barotte had acquiesced, quietly, with a mere inclination of his head. Their provisions, meagerly sufficient for two, would now have to be shared among a larger number. This might even spell disaster for all, but they were ready, doing it naturally, as a matter of course, according to the immemorial law of the northern wilderness, that has ordained that the food of one shall belong to all when once the black wings of starvation begin to hover over famished men. Paul opened the door of the shack and looked out.

"It is black night," he said. "It will be better to wait."

But Ahteck shook his head and stepped out of doors, kneeling down to fasten his snowshoes.

"Stay thou with the man Jean," he told Paul. "Do not leave him at all, lest he should pass away when there is no one by him to pray for his soul. I know not whether I will be able to bring the woman here, or if she is able to travel. It is a long journey for one that is sick. Therefore do not worry if I am away a long time. A man can only do his best."

"*Adieu*, may God guide thee," said Paul.

Then Ahteck rose and passed the broad band of the tump-line over the heavy cap that covered his brow. He took his gun in his left hand and held the right to his friend, who pressed it, in silence, and watched him disappear in the blackness of the night, that had come very fast. Then he returned to the shack, where Jean Caron was now sleeping. He filled the stove with wood anew, closing the draughts so that it would not burn too fast, said his prayers and went to bed, merely removing his long *bottes sauvages* and his *capot*, or heavy woollen coat, that he might be ready at once if the sick man needed him.

During this time, in the great silence seldom broken in the dark hours of the northern winter nights, Ahteck went

on. He could see a little, of course, for the night is never utterly black and the clouds that had accumulated over the sky were being broken up and swept away by a newly-risen wind. There was no made trail for him to follow and it was rather hard going. He picked his way as he followed the downward trend of the little river but avoided its bed, that was treacherous enough in the full light of day and always rough and irregular with great drifts and piled up ice.

Soon, excepting under the great trees, it became less dark, and presently, in the sky, stars began to shine in myriads until, later on, their light was dimmed by the lambent flames of the northern lights. These, in great streaky masses, appeared to be chasing one another over the vastness of the firmament; suddenly they would disappear utterly in one place, only to return at another. Then they would gather and march across the sky like serried legions of invading warriors, to fade away as if some mighty power had swept them into some other world. Yet in a few minutes they would burst out afresh like an army returning in triumphal glory.

The young man went on and on, his deep lungs working, steadily his heart beating quietly, while his mind, so often tortured, was unusually serene, since the importance of his mission drove away, for the time being, the thoughts that were always harrying him. He had enjoyed a full day's rest at the camp, and the perfect training of the trapper showed in the ease of his steady progress.

Yes! The life of the great north was always full of such incidents as this; they were a natural, inevitable concomitant, and formed the subject of tales innumerable he had listened to since his earliest years of boyhood. They left him perfectly calm, and he calculated his chances and made his plans with a cool, experienced mind. The hardships of the earthly world meant nothing to him but bodily pain, that was but a small thing compared to the tortures of a soul pursued by evil spirits bent on revenge. His obsession was so great that the fiercest toil meant surcease to him, while rest and idleness brought suffering.

When he made his way through the thicker woods he often had to go very slowly, for he passed through rough places where fallen timber lay thickly on the ground, and rocks were strewn in his path. And yet it was no hardship. Unerringly he picked out the best going, with little thought, having some of the instinct of wild things, and more than their endurance, since in hard traveling afoot in rough country the ability to keep on going is indissolubly linked with the capacity to stand pain. After a time the frost bites the face and causes even thickly gloved fingers to tingle and ache; the strongest thews become rebellious and have to be forced on; the back bearing the load which pulls on the head, and gnaws into the shoulders, becomes alive to an insidious distress which at first only irks, and later hurts, dully, stupidly, until it becomes a torment that refuses to pass away. But the man inured to such things keeps on and on, knowing his power to stand his trials and having an experience that teaches him how far away lies the limit of a true man's courage.

Ahteck kept on going, steadily, with great strides whenever the nature of the ground permitted, and shorter, careful ones in hard places. He judged that he had gone about ten miles, in a little over five hours, or a third of the way, when the sky became darker again. Small flurries of snow were beginning to sweep down, and he decided that it would be better to stop. He knew that he would make no great headway and had not intended to go any farther that night. A man's strength is not to be wasted any more than his food, and Ahteck knew that on the next day he would need all the power he had. Stopping in the lee of a great cliff arising close to the river, that was further sheltered by a growth of tall spruces and firs, he built a small fire and boiled his kettle. A cup of hot tea in which he broke pieces of a frozen flap-jack refreshed him. Then he took out his blankets and, with a snowshoe, cleared a place of the softer snow. He was well content to have progressed thus far, leaving a shorter journey for the morrow. It is probable that his Indian blood prevented the eagerness to go on that a white man would have shown, and doubtless obeyed. He acted according to the dictates of pure

Hurriedly, between gasps, while Jean Caron ate and drank he managed to tell them what had occurred. He explained how the cough and weakness had become so bad that he had been able to do little work

common sense, knowing that further travel during the night would mean the covering of but a short distance, attended with absolute exhaustion. He knew well what he could accomplish by starting just before daylight on the next day, and as soon as he had rolled himself up in his blankets he slept quietly, while a wandering fox scented him and stopped short, to scoot away again, and a snowy owl perched above him, watching silently, with great bulging eyes, ready to pounce from the darkness upon some luckless hare or rat. Far away, on the high hills, wolves wandered, scenting the snow for a warm trail. But there was no danger to the man in these things, and he slept on till the stars began to fade and the eastern horizon gradually lightened. Then he awoke with a start, all senses immediately alert, and lighted another fire to melt icicles he broke off from the rocks in order to brew his tea.

CHAPTER XI.

THE SAVING OF MITITESH

THE snow was still falling slightly when he resumed his journey in a dull light that was quite sufficient to allow him to pick out his way without much trouble. Now he would never stop again until he reached Jean Caron's camping place.

The constant problem of finding the best trail kept his thoughts busily engaged. The general lie of the land was perfectly clear to him, and often he left the river far to one side, knowing his way through tiny valleys and along high hard-wood ridges, in a general direction. He noted landmarks that would help on the return journey, and once carefully blazed a tree at a spot where there were many fresh marten tracks. The eighteen or twenty miles that remained to be covered were certainly much harder than forty would have been in an open country, not so much in the matter of speed but owing to the greater exertion the rough travelling entailed. He always kept practically on the line of his former journeys with Paul, but where there is no clear path the going changes greatly from year to year. There are great drifts where, at other times, one might have found clear ground. Fresh windfalls block the way and great rocks split off by the frost from high ledges may compel wide turns. Yet as the man traveled on his speed increased rather than diminished, as the second wind came and he began to move more mechanically. He was not conscious that he was doing something very wonderful, beyond the strength of most men. He hardly ever ran, owing to the dreadful surface, but the great length and power of his stride carried him along, in the semi-darkness of the deep woods, like some ghostly thing that might have floated through the forest.

And later on, when the incandescent mass of the sun had risen through a narrow line of clear sky that was beginning to show under the slate-colored pall of the clouds above, and while he kept on just as fast, a duller condition of his mind came on, due probably to a fatigue he scarcely felt and which in no wise lessened the efficiency of his muscles. A little later, very gradually, as he sped on, leaping over fallen trunks, clambering over ledges that meant a little short cut, his thoughts reverted to the tragedy of his own life. Once more it seemed to be all enacted before him—the arrival of the strangers, the angry voices in the woods, the coming down of that gunstock, the pitching forward of the tall man, the gruesome night in the darkness his mother and he had chosen to sit in as if fearing to see each other's face, and finally the journey to the south. And then he had seen the old priest, the man of good counsel, who had been kind but had disclaimed the ability to extend absolute forgiveness. The consoling words and the hand lain gently on his shoulders had, to some extent, been as a soothing balm to his soul. He had been told that, after a life of repentance and prayer, with hatred of his action, he might hope for forgiveness and a cleansing of his soul. But then the priest said that vengeance belonged to the Lord. He had heard them speak of an eye for an eye and a tooth for a tooth. This was surely the way of God. In the great desert people spoke of, on the other side of the great waters, a people had been guided. Under the leadership of men chosen from on high they had met enemies and smitten them to destruction. The women and children also had been slain, or carried away into slavery. This was because the curses of God did not fall upon the men alone but also on all they loved. The sins of parents were visited on children. It was all very clear to the lad's obsessed brain. The curse must come, and he could await it bravely, without fear for himself. That which harrowed him, however, was the terror of the things that must happen to others, on his account.

Yes, there was need of constant prayer and of sacrifice. He had never thought of giving himself up to the authorities in order to expiate the deed after the fashion of the white men. What could such an atonement mean but death, of which he had no fear? Moreover, strangely enough, in his essentially savage soul he felt no guilt. The beaver that goes into the trap is guilty of no sin. He had been like a man resting under a tree that had suddenly fallen and crushed him, wherefore he had been crippled. He had stepped upon the film of snow covering an air-hole and been dragged under the ice. The real yet vague impression made upon him was that he had been fatally plunged in a great vortex from which no human soul could save him, and the responsibility of which lay with weird powers of darkness.

With a perfectly natural reversion to old heathen tendencies it appeared to him that the great forces of good and evil had been contending, as the lightning battles against the high spurs of snow-tipped mountains, and the evil ones had chanced to prevail. He had been caught in the meshes of a net cast by some irresponsible power that was the one concerned with the dealing out of hunger and cold, of storm and devastation, of all the things that are always in wait, ready to pounce upon men and crush them. And these meshes continued to bind him, more and more tightly, while he had little hope that, in some manner he could not fathom, they would ever break asunder and leave him free at last, and clean, a man among men, no longer a thing befouled and marked for destruction.

But for his bit of reading and writing, both painfully acquired, the big lad had no education of the white men. His beliefs were a mingling of the teachings of priests with atavistic tendencies towards Indian ideas of things supernatural, in which *Tshishe Manitou*, the great good spirit that brought abundance and success, was engaged in unending warfare against *Matshi-Manitou*, the evil begetter of sorrow and disaster. He had not the slightest doubt that he bore an influence perilous to others, owing to the curse he labored under. His constant success as a trapper and the fact that he was always thriving could make not the slightest difference in the trend of his ideas. To him it was only the calm that is always greatest before the storm, the light that comes before the darkness. Some terrible thing must be hanging over his life, as hangs over the woodland the smoke of forests burning hundreds of miles away.

He had been going on instinctively, always in the right direction, with his brain lost in the mazes and the vagueness of his untutored notions, when he suddenly realized that he was nearing the end of his journey. Presently, coming out on the banks of the river, he noted a familiar landmark. A little farther on he detected a thin film of smoke rising in the frosty air. He fired his gun and ran as if he had just started, going like a bull moose that has just heard the bellow of the cow, fleet yet and of marvelous strength.

As he came nearer he saw a ragged little tent made up of pieces of canvas

and bark. Near at hand were the charred remains of the old log-shack. He shouted as he ran and the child came out and tottered towards him gaunt and haggard, the light of her big eyes dulled with suffering. He caught her up in his arms, saying kind words, and entered the tent. A form was stretched upon the ground, lying under a half-burned blanket.

"She does not move any more," said the girl Mititesh. "Since yesterday, an hour after the coming of night, she has not spoken, and moved but little, and later on her breathing stopped, wherefore I knew she was dead. We have been very hungry. We killed the dog, but he was small and very thin. It hurt me here, under my breast, to kill him, for he was a tiny thing when he was given to me. So I took the gun, while he was lying asleep, and came near. He awoke, and his tail wagged, and then I put the gun to his head and pulled the trigger, shutting my eyes. And then my mother would not eat and I could not keep her warm. This tent has many holes and the stove makes no heat here, and much smoke. Also I could not cut wood fast enough. I prayed very much, all the time, and mostly I prayed that thou wouldst come soon."

She threw herself down, exhausted, but her eyes were dry. Tears that had run down her cheeks were frozen there, making sore red furrows, but no more were coming. She was young indeed to have already dried the fount of sorrow.

Ahteck knelt by the dead woman and said a short prayer, after which he immediately went to work, wondering, darkly, whether his own presence, thirty miles away, had been responsible for the bringing on these people of such a spell of death and wreck and ruin.

But he cut wood, carefully with short choppy blows, lest in the fierce cold his axe might splinter away, and soon made the little stove roar again. After this he immediately went to cooking.

"Here is tea, little Mititesh," he said. "Here is also moose-meat. It is very good. Eat now, but very slowly, and only a little at first, because fast eating would make thee vomit and beget cramps inside thee. I know, because I have been very hungry in my time, and have also seen others weak with the great hunger. I have brought sugar—we still have some left. Take some, because it will be good for thee; but only a little in thy tea. I will also eat now, for I am hungry with much walking."

He was watching the child as tenderly as a woman, cutting the meat for her and pouring out the tea.

"Stop, now, it is enough," he soon said. "I know it is not much for thy hunger, but have a little patience. In a short time thou shalt have more to eat. See, I have brought heavy blankets—big warm red ones from the Company. They are good ones. Tonight thou wilt sleep warmly. Let me wrap thee well now, and before long I will awaken thee for more food."

The child stood up, swaying a little. Ahteck was still sitting and she placed her hands on one of his shoulders. Her face touched his neck and for a moment she sobbed there, while he clumsily patted her thin back. It had been a weird repast, with the big red sun beginning to disapper behind the tall spruces and firs and the dry skeletons of some ancient blasted pines on the opposite shore. There was little light now in the tent, excepting the glow coming from cracks in the small stove and its rusty pipe, that had both fared very badly in the fire. At last the child accepted the blanket gratefully, but first she said another prayer, kneeling beside the body of her mother.

"Alone in the great cold we will have to leave her," she said, "and go to my father. Between the two my heart is torn."

Ahteck devoutly hoped that she might find the man still living, but he had great fears. As soon as the child was soundly asleep, and notwithstanding his own fatigue, he made ready to dispose of that which was left of the poor thing that had been borne down to the earth in the eternal struggle against cold and hunger which every wanderer over the face of the great North is constantly obliged to wage.

First he wrapped it in its clothing and the torn blankets. Then, at a good distance away from the camp, he made a large fire, that he might see well, and built a high scaffold such as are used for caches, by tying cut saplings in the crotches of trees and placing strong branches across. These were kept in place by more saplings anchored with large stones. After this was done he returned to the camp and noiselessly took up the load, bearing it in his arms to the scaffold, upon which he placed it, covering the body with many boughs of balsam which he also weighted down.

When he had finished he went back to the tent and awoke Mititesh from her sound sleep, and made her eat again. Just a few mouthfuls, that her strength might return soon. Then he tucked her again under the heavy blankets. At last he stretched himself on the ground beside her but remained awake a long time, because the child occasionally muttered in her sleep and he feared that she might be in pain. But after a time she turned and confidingly nestled her head against Ahteck's great breast, so that after a while both slept, deeply, forgetting for some hours all that had gone before.

The great lad was the first to open his eyes, for Mititesh had brushed her hand lightly over his face, as if, in her slumber, she had sought to find one of her beloved ones. Then an immense feeling of pity welled up in the young man's heart for this child who was so soon to be abandoned of men as he was abandoned of God. He resolved to care for her, not owing to any thought on his part that an action of kindness might bring some measure of forgiveness and mitigation of his sins, but simply because of a desire to lighten the curse from her life since she was too young and frail to bear great burdens all alone.

Very soon after he had awakened he rose, quietly, while the little one still slept. He would leave Jean's woman there upon the scaffold until such time as he might return and soften the ground with fire, that she might be properly buried.

To be continued.

Deed or Motive?

By M. Eugenie Perry

Illustrated by Bruce Cameron

IF Hell is paved with good intentions, does it follow that any admirable achievement, whatever its motive, wafts its author straight to Paradise?

'Twas evening, in a fair Canadian city by the sea. Throngs gathered in the streets to view that pitifully common, but never-palling sight—the departure of soldiers for the front; in this case a detachment going to fill the gaps of the Princess Patricia's—those devil-may-care fighters, who, from the moment of their appearance on European soil had made the world ring with their wild exploits.

A thrill passed through the crowd; in the distance sounded the dull roll of drums; and bands began to play; and the foreranks of the men in khaki swung into view—a noble guard, indeed—the men from the training camp detailed to escort the brave detachment on its way.

Among the curious, or patriotic, or grief-stricken onlookers, close to the line of march, stood the Girl (one of many), come for one last anguished look at her departing lover. Her tears had all been shed—dry-eyed she watched the oncoming lines; her young face (white, pain-drawn and piteous) forming one more indictment against the Powers whose greed unleashed the fiends of war.

The vanguard passed, and then the little band, bound for the front, moved slowly by—stopping to hail a friend, or to receive the good wishes of total strangers, moved by the spirit of brotherhood which animates all true patriots when their country is in travail.

A handsome boy, passing, caught the Girl's eye. In spite of herself, she smiled—he was so young, so full of life, so palpably going forth in search of adventure. He waved his hand:—"Good-bye! good-bye, girls—I'll write you from Berlin," and was gone.

"Look at Lieutenant H——," murmured a voice, "Looks a hero, all right, with the stern military glare in his eye—and just the right sized moustache; who'd think to look at him that he enlisted to keep out of jail; where he belongs, if everyone had his rights."

Then the Girl saw—him! marching quietly along in his unassuming way. Duty called him—he went; that was all. The problems of life are simple to such as he but the same anguish comes to all. He held the Girl's hand very tightly, as he paused a moment to whisper a last message in her ear. Then he, also, passed; the rearguard came up; the music of the bands grew fainter; and the people began to disperse.

Thus fared forth from their Western Island home the man (typical of many) who answered the call of duty; the other man (typical of many) who went to escape the consequences of his misdeeds; and the boy (typical of many) who was lured to the battle-front by the hope of adventure; by the glitter and pomp of war.

"Somewhere in France" had resolved itself into the vicinity of Ypres; and the second great battle of that region was in progress. Langemarck had been fought—where the "Fighting Tenth" of Calgary; the "Little Black Devils" from Winnipeg, and the "Forty-eighth Highlanders" of Toronto, with very little assistance, had held the line for the British; when the French, overcome by the dastardly gas, had retired, leaving a deadly gap in the allied lines.

All reinforcements which could be spared from other points had come up, and the reserves were still pouring in.

A despatch rider, returning from Ypres met the Princess Pat's heading for the front, on the run (running in full equipment, an almost impossible feat), and breathless.

"Say, Kid," called a boy, between gasps, "we ain't goin' to be late are we?" The rider assured him to the contrary. "Well, there's one thing sure," said the youngster, "We won't have enough breath left to run back." A grim joke, for after that dreadful day, pitifully, pitifully few *ever* came back.

With mad zeal, with tireless energy they had wrested a trench from the enemy; and the gallant remnant was holding it against all comers.

Near the Lieutenant, who left his country for his country's good in more ways than one, crouched the man of duty, beloved of the Girl; and on the corpse strewn, shell-torn ground behind the trench, right in the line of fire from the enemy's guns, lay the writhing body of the boy, who had joined in search of excitement. He was sobbing—only a boy he was—and calling for help. He would drag himself a few feet, then as a shell burst near him, would collapse with a groan.

"Get down, you fool," growled the Lieutenant to his companion, "You'll get hit?"

"It's young M——, sir, I know his mother; perhaps I might help him to the trench."

"We need all the men we've got to hold this trench and can't spare one on any V.C. stunts."

From the smoke-obscured heavens dropped a messenger of hell, exploding with a roar as it reached the trench; and when the fumes had cleared, the man who answered duty's call, picked himself out of

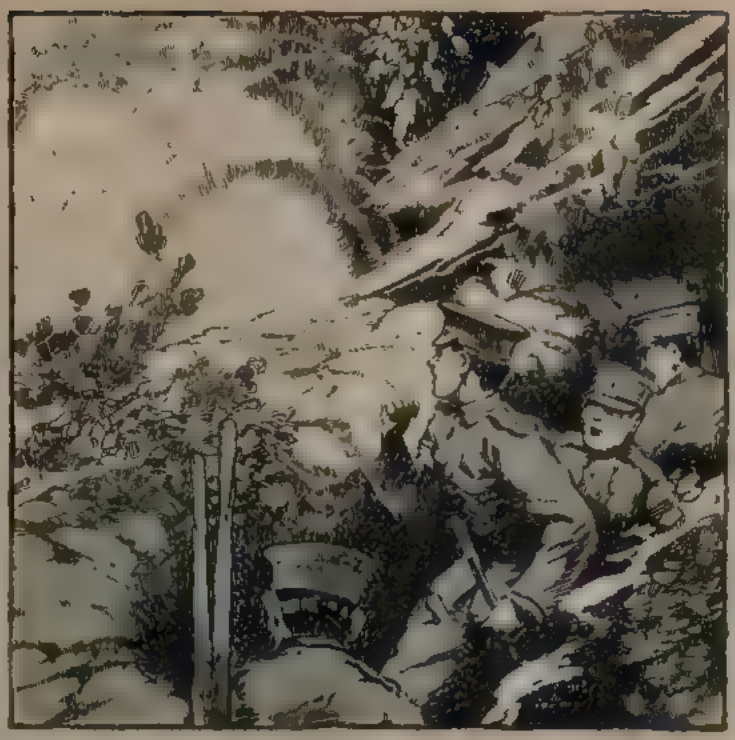
The foreranks of the men in khaki swung into view, a noble guard, indeed

the debris, and gazed sadly at the mangled shape of his erstwhile officer.

Then, there being no one near to interfere, he left the doubtful shelter of the trench, flattened out on the ground a moment to simulate death, wriggled past the bodies of dead comrades to where the boy from home lay (quiet now); and there—a sniper's bullet found him.

When the sun went down, the three men (typical of many) who had fared forth so lately—in youth's pride—found the goal to which the paths of glory oftimes lead—the grave.

In a church in that fair Canadian city by the sea, a memorial service was in progress. The minister prayed "for those who fight for us by land, or sea, or air," then launched into a glowing tribute to those who died for the cause at Langemarck, and St. Julien; for across the world that great message had flashed—"The Canadians saved the day,"—and a nation rejoiced, but the women, the bereaved mothers and wives and sweethearts, the women—wept.



There being no one near to interfere, he left the doubtful shelter of the trench

Close to the mother of the boy who went blithely forth in search of adventure, and the wife of the man, whose going cheated a jail, knelt the sweetheart of the man who died as he had lived—a hero and a gentleman.

Straight in front of her she gazed, not at the choir nor the minister, but down the barren path of her future life, which must be lived out without him; holding no hope of wifehood, or motherhood, only the dreary round of instructing the children of others, year in, year out.

"And now," the minister finished, "We must leave our heroes to the tender care of one who is greater than all. In my Father's house are many mansions waiting for such as they."

The mother of the Boy; the wife of the Other Man sobbed aloud. The Girl eyed them speculatively. A great wonder pierced her grief. *Were those other accidental heroes fated to reap the same reward as her man, who gave knowingly, willingly his precious, useful life for the cause?* Unbelievable!!!

Then through the church thrilled the war hymn, and perhaps (who knows)? her problem was answered.

"Take the souls who died for duty
In thy tender pierced hand;
Crown the faulty lives with beauty
Offered for their Motherland;
All forgiving, with the living
May they in thy kingdom stand."

The Girl thought tenderly of the myriad weeping women, comforted by the thought that the faulty lives of their beloved dead, would be cleansed and accepted as gold at the Great Tribunal. Who, who so cruel as to deprive them of this hope?

Not, oh! certainly, *not* the Girl.

But you, disinterested Reader—Which think *you*, rules—Deed or Motive?

A Challenge

By Bertha F. Gordon

UNKINDLY Fate, and cruel Circumstance,
Why do you rage at me? For having stormed
In vain against the fortress of my soul,
Since the beginning, have you still not learned
That I am wrought of stuff unconquerable?
Though you may wound me, bruise me, and exhaust,
And though my tears and blood may freely flow,
Your savage blows shall never bow my head;
But with a steady and a level gaze
I look you in the face, and scorn your wrath.
But if perchance you stab me deep enough
It shall not be despite, but gentle grace,
That you have done me. For my spirit, freed,
Will turn home gladly, singing a blithe song.

From Portage to Automobile Road

What Canada Has Done, Is Doing and Will Do Towards the Securing of Good and Better Roads

—By E. A. Hughes—

IN A VERY excellent article in a recent number of "CANADA MONTHLY," Mark S. Watson had some wise words to say anent Canada's war-time preparation for the piping times of peace. This war, if it meant anything to our commercial organism, has signified a getting-down to a proper sense of values, a re-adjustment of economic fundamentals, a thorough and rigid house-cleaning, which has resulted in our making a national inventory, and valuing every asset at its worth—and no more. Inflated values, which gave us a false prosperity in the months of 1912, began to display transparency even before the war, and business had what Artemus Ward would call a "thin" time. The war intensified that transparency and in its early days we saw, not as through a glass darkly, but face to face, and we knew that our business fabric was going to be ruthlessly torn to shreds, and then re-woven (of good material, not shoddy).

In the time of national housecleaning which we have had and still have, the far-seeing among us noted that one of the great undertakings for the Canada which will emerge from the Great War would be the creation of a system of highways, of good roads in country, in village, town and city. The vision did not come in post-war days; it was seen by some before; but it has been intensified and enlarged as its background changed and became the vision of a Canada whose prosperity is to be wider and wider yet.

THE story of good roads in Canada can only be written, very obviously, to a limited extent, and marked—at the end—"to be continued," for we are still in the early chapters. This is Canada's century, even as the nineteenth was America's, and the historians of the future, who may see, before he writes, a built-up Canada will have the task of telling the process by which the top-stone at last was laid. He will devote a section to our railroads, another to our seaways and lake-tracks, and a third, and quite as important a one, to our road-ways.

It is a far cry from the portage to the made road. The rough ground, where, in one season mud and slime alternate and in another, snow and ice form layer upon layer—this was all that was known to those earliest Canadians, pioneers in a new land. This rough-ground state of affairs exists for millions of square yards through our unexploited country. There are portages a-plenty, where the automobile cannot venture, where the horse, even, finds its footing unsure, where the pack mule alone can pick its way. But, now, as was not the case half, or even a quarter of a century ago, there are highways, where the motor car may bowl along as smoothly and merrily as along a city avenue on a fall day, when neither dust nor moisture cause irritation or impediment.

From portage to automobile road, then, is the history of Canada's progress in good roads. Between the two, countless experiments have been tried, numberless tests made. They have been tried and made, chiefly, within recent years, for only latterly has the country wakened up to the necessity of good roads. Public-spirited men have always conceded good railroads as a necessity. And waterways? We must of course, have excellent waterways, they have said. But for a system of good roads that shall be not province-wide, merely, but country-wide — time was when the public-spirited ones failed to see the necessity. Railroads everywhere, waterways everywhere — certainly, but good roads—oh, let them wait!

SO THE farmer, with his horse and buggy, in pre-auto days, was content to splash and flounder through seas of mud, was willing to tie-up for

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a few hours or so, and let his produce grow stale in his wagon, and sit and view his horses calmly and smoke his corncob pipe, till the mud got a little more negotiable, and he might make his way to market. He was willing and content to do so because—well,—money was wanted for the railroads, he was told, and for the canals, and as these would both help the country, he wouldn't mind putting up with wretched roadways. He forgot—as a class—that very often farmers needed good roads to the nearest market town much more urgently than a stretch of railroad connecting up two points in the Rockies, a couple of thousand miles away, and much more than a new canal equally distant. Not that railroads and waterways were not always urgently needed. Surely they were! Surely they will be! But so were and so are good roads! Why, in days gone by (and the saints be praised for those last two words) was Peter robbed to pay Paul?

The farmer cried out for better roads. And he cried so long that municipalities and provinces and even the great ones of the nation down at Ottawa listened to him for some of them have cars themselves

Those were the days from 1850 to 1890. Prior to the first date we had a system of toll roads. From then to the second date we had this system of excellent and necessary railroad construction, which has borne fruit in nearly thirty thousand miles of steel, capitalized, approximately, at two billion dollars, and including three transcontintenal lines.

Then came the bicycle, or more colloquially and less accurately, the "wheel". How the wheel took hold in Canada most of us easily remember. It went, indeed, like wildfire. Everybody had a wheel. The whole family cycled. But, curiously enough, the only place the wheel could be used was inside cities. In England and the States, the bicycle was hailed as the cheapest and most entertaining mode of transportation, up and down the country roads, from town to town, through the highways and byways. Not so in Canada. Here, we had no highways and byways. The countless thousands who were riding wheels began to cry out that you couldn't cycle on "corduroy" roads; you couldn't wheel on mud and slime; you couldn't pedal your cycle through ruts deep enbugh to cover half the machine! The cyclist will thank his stars that he can find some stretches of country road now where he can spend an enjoyable afternoon. But there's a long way to go. Nevertheless, the advent of the wheel had its effect. Bicyclists struck at the public lethargy on the question of good roads, and in the nineties, there was a definite waking-up to the necessity for them. Good roads were inaugurated by associations here and there. Engineers began to turn their attention thus-wards; civic officials up and down the country announced that they intended to study what other countries had done and were doing to this end; and—unfailing criterion—"pro bono publico" and his kin began to write letters to the newspapers about the necessity for better roads.

THEN came the automobile and auto vehicle. The motor influence, if not the parent, is at least the nurse of the child "good roads". It was the motor influence that awakened the cities to a realization that good roads were urgently needed.

Consider the mental activity at this time of the average man who owned an automobile, particularly of the man who lived in the country. Take the farmer, for example: we observed him not long since, unmoved by the fact that his buggy was fast in a sea of mud miles from his destination. We observe him again, now that he has an automobile. The muddy road affects him in a vital spot. It affects him in—the automobile. A splash of mud on his mudguard wounds him. A rut wherein his tire sinks hurts him. Water that oozes out of the washed-out road as his car progresses, and splashes on the bright enamel, is a thing not to be borne. The farmer suddenly gets up, smites his collective knee, says collectively, "By gosh, it's too much. I won't stand it." In short the farmer makes a huge and united howl against the disgraceful state of Canadian roads.

He has suddenly realized—though he never has done so in the days of the horse and buggy—that the transportation of his produce from A—— to T—— or from B—— to W—— (from his farm to the railroad or elevator town) is costing him more than it did from the railroad or elevator town to the Coast, or to Europe maybe. It has suddenly dawned on him that from his farm to the depot—in his new automobile—is a more expensive journey to him than from the depot to the bigger market. And he has suddenly divined that the reason for the additional expense is the lack of decent country roads.

THE farmer—that is, most of him, for automobile sales have increased mightily, especially in the case of the farmer class—cried out for a remedy of the evil. "Give me better roads," he cried. And he cried so long that municipalities and provinces and even the great ones of the nation down at Ottawa listened to him. They did more, for some of them had cars themselves; they retorted, "If you want good roads, will you pay for them?"

At first the farmer said "No," and he stopped demanding. He said "No" for two reasons. One was a perfectly legitimate one—as W. A. Maclean, the Deputy Minister of Highways in Ontario agrees—for it was based on the contention that the cost of good roads is not to be borne alone by the farming

"The Second or More Purchases of Tires That's Where Dunlop Triumphs"

¶ Often the new car owner is really not buying tires as the result of his own opinion and experience until he comes into the market to replace one or more of the tires originally found on his car, and that is just where the tire buyer comes face to face with Dunlop Traction Tread or Dunlop Special.

¶ Dunlop Tires have no friends other than those quality has made and the repetition of that quality has retained. That is why, when you come to consider the "second, third and thereafter" purchases, Dunlop Tires are in the greatest evidence. When you see that countless number of cars, large and small, equipped with either "Traction" or "Special" remember those motorists—every one of them—bought those tires on merit—not because they did not have a measure of satisfaction with their original equipment, but because something told them they would not settle the tire question definitely until they got "Dunlop Traction Tread" or "Dunlop Special."

¶ What is good for the "second, third and thereafter" choices is necessarily good for the first choice. If, when purchasing a new car, you show a preference for Dunlop Tires you will find that you can get them no matter what tire equipment is on the car at the time. When any opposition is shown to giving you Dunlop Tires you can at once distrust the argument because the salesmanship which does not seek to please, surely cannot be regarded as seeking to satisfy.

"If It's Last Cost First and First Cost Last—Then You Want 'Tractions.'"

¶ No motorist buys a tire for any other purpose than to use it, and anything in the design of an anti-skid that doesn't make for greater usage must make for greater cost of up-keep.

¶ We pride ourselves that nothing in the way of an anti-skid has ever been able to touch "Traction." True, other tires are lower-priced, but "Traction" was never intended to compete on a price basis. It is made for motorists who place last cost first and first cost last. All those "Tractions" you see in service represent greater first outlay than might seem necessary if the tire user bought for to-day only. Isn't that masterly showing of "The Master Tire" proof of the good sense of Canadian motorists?

¶ Then, there's "Dunlop Special." It takes a back seat to no other anti-skid except "Traction." "Special" has everything in its favor—Quality, Price, Record.

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community, since everyone receiving the benefits and carrying on the responsibilities of citizenship is equally chargeable. Besides, the farmer—again, as a class—did not wish to spend even the money which would be his fair share. Real taxation and communal responsibility were strangers to the farmer. And his reluctance to pay just taxes was another reason why he ceased to clamor for better roads.

HIS change of attitude was too late. His demand had been heard through the length and breadth of the country, and by all sorts and conditions of men and women. In the early years of the twentieth century a movement for good roads assumed the proportions of a nation-wide propaganda. The automobile had done it. the automobile had been the nurse of the erstwhile weakling —"good roads".

We may pause for a moment to reflect that this has been the trend of events in every country. The automobile has done more for the cause of better roads than any other influence The interest taken in good roads since the motor car became a fact is remarkable. Great conventions have been held at Brussels, at Paris, London and half a dozen large cities in America Delegates from all over the world, men of knowledge and enthusiasm, have gathered time and again to talk over details of the big problem. Civil engineers turned their atttention to dust-abaters and surface-binders. A new industry has sprung up in every country through the good roads movement In every country we find a movement intended to promote towards reaching not merely good roads, but *best* roads

To revert to Canada. Once the automobile had done its part in arousing public sentiment, the next consideration was ways and means. There sprang up a man here and there who seized upon the phrase good roads, and made it his motto. These men became "Good Roads" crusaders. Names such as W A. Maclean, of Toronto, and B. Michaud, of Quebec. and others, became coupled with the movement In towns at first and then in provinces, good roads associations were formed, which applied for government recognition. And since no two provinces in the country have the same organization, local circumstances have been the governing factor in their method of procedure. Some provinces, such as Ontario, have appointed a man, with the title of Deputy Minister of Highways, who is the provincial head of the good roads movement. Others, British Columbia, for instance, have progressed with their good roads idea under the Department of Public Works. Alberta has a Provincial Engineer of Highways.

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A Primitive Professor

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Lassiter noticed a patronizing tone in the red-headed, blue-eyed sailor's voice and he found himself wishing to assert, at least, an equality. "Doesn't amount to anything," he said roughly.

"Say, this is a good place, me bye!" said Brophy.

"You bet," replied Martin.

"We don't want any drinks, do we?"

"Oh, no."

"Well, then, if we don't get out before it's light, an' they catch us in this section, we'll get pinched. You couldn't fight yer way loose like me. So good-by, Flora. Yer daddy is still downstairs keepin' folks out of the coffee shop."

The girl looked at the floor. She was very pretty in that pose and unconscious of it. She twined her round fingers in her scarf, as if embarrassed, speaking in a low tone to Brophy. As for Lassiter, he made his farewell with a beaming smile and a wide-sweeping bow.

"We're goin' out onto the back street," explained Brophy on the stairs. "An' make our get-away."

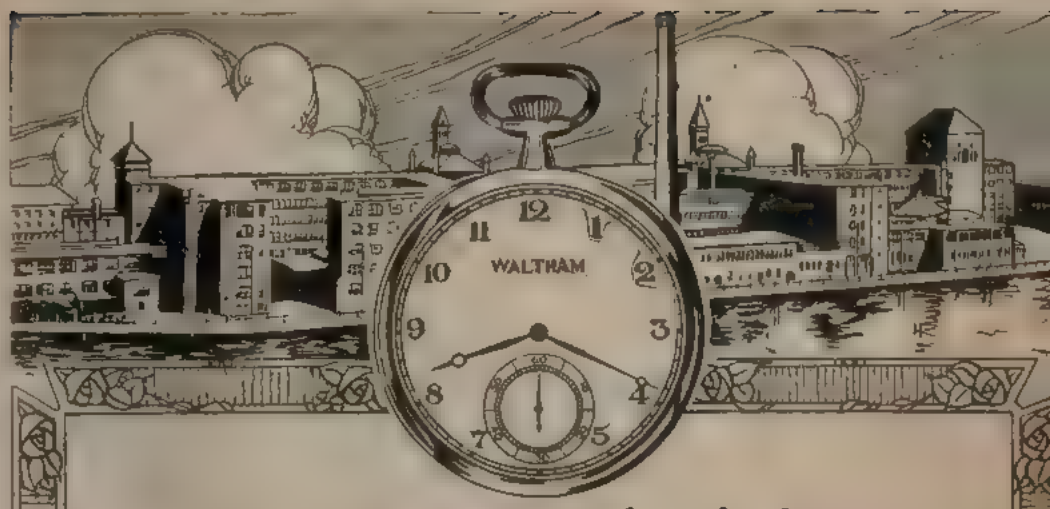
The deserted alley through which they felt their cautious way opened onto a dimly lighted street. Brophy's alert eyes saw the two policemen at the corner a moment before their attention, drawn by Lassiter's white alpaca suit, had awakened them into action. The two Americans could see them lean down to beat on the sidewalk with their clubs; they could hear answering signals from the other end of the alley and the sound of running feet. They were trapped. Policemen bore down on them from both directions.

"Listen!" growled the sailor, almost pulling Lassiter off his feet. "Ha! There is three of 'em! I'll take these two. The other one is yours. We'll fight our way out of this, do ye mind!"

A warm tingling crept over the professor's body. "Aye, aye, sir," he said jovially.

"When ye see the flash of a gun, be sure to quit," cautioned Brophy. "An' when ye close in, cover yer head from them night sticks an' go fer their legs if ye have a chance. Belay there! Ye shrimps!"

The first two officers were upon him. Just before Martin turned to meet his man he saw the sailor side-step the first onslaught and by a skillful movement of his leg throw one of the foreigners into the gutter. "Star spangled banner!" laughed Brophy. He was closing with the second man. Even after Lassiter turned to meet his own opponent, he could hear the give and take of blows. Crack! the sound of the night stick. Bam! the impact of



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the closed fist. He felt a strange emptiness in his stomach—the despairing, sick feeling of those unused to contest. Then upon the fleshy part of his neck he received the first blow of the lignum vitae.

It was a delicious tonic. The pain of the blow was sharp but welcome; it awakened a new set of emotions, filled the distressing hole in Lassiter's stomach and brought him onto his toes with the joy of conflict. The policeman was fighting viciously. His club, his left fist, his sharp kicks seemed to come from every direction. Lassiter, ducking his head and body to a well protected crouch, plunged into this rain of blows with which the officer, acting with experience, expected to confuse his prey. The clasp of the policeman's body was satisfying. Lassiter, digging his toes into the dirt, rushed his adversary across the alley and against the masonry. With a free hand he pounded on the chin of the policeman, directing upward jabs that brought forth gasping Spanish ejaculations. They went down together. In the dark Lassiter felt for the night stick and twisted the bent wrist that held it until the grasp had been relaxed.

They were up again in an unscientific conflict of fists. Bam! Lassiter felt that another such on his cheek bone would determine the issue. He shook his head, grunted, drove his arm forward. Bam! This time the solid blow had landed on the policeman's mouth. Lassiter felt that the satisfaction of this punch had a money value of several hundred dollars. Back and forth it went. At last a moment came when the Cuban officer, now fighting blindly, had disengaged himself and fallen back for another rush. It allowed Martin a chance to glance over his shoulder. One of Brophy's adversaries was stretched out in sleep on the pavement; the sailor was sitting on the other. He was a grinning spectator of Lassiter's contest.

"Go it, me bye!" came his panting voice. "If I don't help ye, ye'll feel better satisfied."

Lassiter braced himself again, threw out his knee and with a crooked arm caught the charging policeman on the taut cords of his neck. His whole body seemed to yield. It turned over once, rolling off Martin's bent leg, and lay whimpering in foreign tongue on the ground. Martin, wheeling toward his friend, made a wry face.

They took flight through the gloom, gaining a hundred yards and turning two corners before the police signals of distress sounded from the alley they had left.

"Yer all right, old marlin spike," panted Brophy. Lassiter had received several degrees; none had given him so much pride as this one, none were of greater honor, he felt sure. He ran like a glad boy, regardless of sore muscles, bruises and throbbing swellings about his eyes, regardless of the Blake Professorship.

At last he saw, through the gray of dawn which came down into the Havana streets, a cab rocking along ahead of them. He hailed it. "For," he explained to the sailor, "you will be safer under some sort of cover. Otherwise you would attract attention."

"Attention!" cried Brophy. "Yer oughter see yerself. Yer look like somethin' that's been brought out of a cellar!"

Lassiter and Brophy had just stepped out of the cab and the former was paying the driver while the latter was casting a weather eye toward the open, dark blue waters of the Gulf. It was at this moment that the sailor heard a rippling laugh. He looked aloft. He was sure that it had proceeded from behind the shutters over the balcony.

"Sure, it has a good, young, healthy sound to it," he said aloud, "an' I don't know whether it was pokin' fun at my red hair or your red nose."

"What's that?" said Lassiter.

"Nothin' at all," Brophy answered "Where's the cab goin'? Sure I want to ride in it to the wharf below there. Where is it goin' now?"

"If you must know, I'll tell you—for a two quart bottle of arnica and alcohol Sit down here on this step and wait a while."

Brophy hitched up his trousers, in the back pocket of which he found two brown paper cigarettes which had been flattened to the thinness of knife blades. "Them is swell cigarettes," he said. "That's all I got. I've been savin' 'em. One of 'em is fer ye."

"Many thanks," replied Lassiter, nursing a sore shin with his disengaged hand. "It's a fine morning."

The smoke was delicious. He leaned back against one of the white columns and looked in smiling silence on his new friend. "It's lucky for my reputation that no one who knows me is up," he said.

"I think *she* knows yer," said Brophy.

"She?—who?"

"Pipe the young lady over there by the hotel door."

Lassiter turned like one who expects to see an angel with a flaming sword. It was the truth. There, fresh, indescribably neat, graceful and smiling, stood the daughter of Cheever Finch.

"Good morning," she said.

Martin was speechless. He stood up.

"Is she yours?" whispered Brophy in awed tones, pulling off his cap. He was sure he had guessed right in spite of his friend's silence, and his first instinct was to save him from disgrace.

Continued on page 47.

The Boy Scouts

Continued from page 20.

and the trenches. As he expected, his hand now descended upon another cord, lying loosely on the ground, and running at right angles to the first. Plainly Bain was holding one end of this, and some one in the trenches—Captain Wagstaffe himself, as like as not—was holding the other. If an enemy stumbled over the trip-cord, Bain would warn the defence by twitching the alarm-cord.

"Five minutes later M'Snape was back at the rendezvous, describing to Simson what he had seen. That wise subaltern promptly conducted him to Captain Mackintosh, who was waiting with his Company for something to go upon. Shand had departed with his own following to make an independent attack on the right flank. Seven of the twelve scouts were there. Of the missing, Dunshie, as we know, was sunning his lonely soul in the society of his foes; two had lost themselves, and the remaining two had been captured by a reconnoitring patrol.

" 'You say you found a cord running back from Bain to the trenches, M'Snape,' asked Captain Mackintosh, 'and a sentry holding on to it ?'

" 'Yes, sirr,' replied the scout, standing stiffly to attention in the dark.

" 'If we could creep out of the wood and rush him, we might be able to slip our attack in at that point,' said the Captain. 'You say there is cover to within twenty yards of where he is sitting ?'

" 'Yes, sirr.'

" 'Still, I'm afraid he'll pull that cord a bit too soon for us.'

" 'He'll no, sirr,' remarked M'Snape confidently.

" 'Why not ?' asked the Captain.

"M'Snape told him.

"Captain Mackintosh surveyed the small wizened figure before him almost affectionately.

" 'M'Snape,' he said, 'to-morrow I shall send in your name for lance-corporal !' "

While the Boy Scout movement is non-military, under the head of patriotism a boy is taught that it is the first duty of a citizen to serve his King and Country, and the lads have put into practice their motto "Be Prepared," since the Empire's Flag has been threatened.

The teachings and the principles of the Association, are that a boy shall learn by action, and that he shall be placed upon his honor. It is pleasing to note that these principles, thus far pursued have produced clean cut, manly types of boys, the future men of Canada.

In Canada there are 16,500 Scouts; in Ontario alone 7,200 qualifying themselves to fill positions of responsibility.

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From Portage to Automobile Road

Continued from page 40.

All these appointments, of course, presuppose legislation for good roads, which has been the case in all the provinces. To secure such legislation was the work of the various good roads associations, which still exist in the provinces, and meet in convention occasionally. They are all federated under the Dominion Good Roads Association. As I write, this Association is having its Third Canadian and International Good Roads Congress and Exhibition at Montreal.

WHAT has been done, so far, for the cause of good roads? Well, to put it broadly, fifty millions of dollars have been spent for it. It is, perhaps, better to tell what has been done, province by province, briefly.

In British Columbia, under the Provincial Department of Public Works, the movement has made great progress. In 1901, estimates for roads and bridges totalled $344,000; last year they totalled $2,459,000. In 1910 a special programme provided that no less than twenty million dollars should be spent, chiefly upon main roads.

In Alberta, provincial organization has been responsible for raising the appropriation from nothing, a decade ago, to one million dollars last year. This was for main and trunk roads. Municipal expenditure was, in 1913, $681,000; in 1914, $865,190; last year it was nearly $900,000. The Government work is under the Provincial Engineer of Highways.

In Saskatchewan, under a Provincial Board of Highway Commissioners, progress has not been so rapid, but it is definite enough. In 1915 an appropriation was made for $2,000,000. This was subsequently reduced, owing to the effect of war upon finances, but local interest in good roads is assured.

In Manitoba, under a Good Roads Act and a Provincial Highway Commissioner, $700,000 was spent by the Government last year; $375,000, a sum to which the Government added materially, was the municipal contribution.

Ontario is perhaps the most advanced of all the provinces, in good roads campaigning. Under a Department of Public Highways, for main and market roads alone, some seven million dollars have been appropriated. This does not take any account of help given to municipalities who are doing their own work to some extent.

In Quebec, in 1912, under an Act, the Province appropriated ten million dollars for good roads. This was supplemented last year by another five millions. Already eight millions odd of

Which side of the fence is *your* family on?

Are they without a car?

Isn't it time now for them to have one?

The rosy cheeks it will bring to the youngsters—the delight that will dance in their eyes—will repay you for the outlay many times over.

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And to serve that end—completely—

Here is the big, powerful family Overland developed and improved, but reduced in price.

Fathers and mothers all over the country are choosing this car to serve their family needs.

Never before has any one car been such a universal favorite.

Since this car was announced last June it has outsold any other car of its size virtually two for one.

There are, of course, valid reasons for such pronounced preference.

It "handles" so easily that any adult member of the family can drive it.

Electrical control buttons are conveniently located on the steering column—an arrangement exclusive with Overlands and a very few much higher priced cars.

Every control for starting, for stopping, for speeding up, for slowing down, for lighting, for dimming, for sounding the warning signal—

All are within a few inches of the hand or foot when the driver is sitting in a perfectly natural position

And everything works easily and smoothly.

Then there is that wonderful flow of abundant power.

No other car is anywhere near as powerful at anywhere near so low a price.

You must pay nearly $200 more for *any* other car with so much power.

Small wonder, therefore, that this is two for one the favorite family car, of its size or anywhere near it

And now is the time to buy—delay may be costly.

We guarantee that the price of this model will never be less.

But $965 for such a car is a remarkably low price. And the cost of materials is rising.

So we cannot guarantee that the price will remain so low.

Let the Overland dealer have your order now.

Catalogue on request. Please address Dept. 3.

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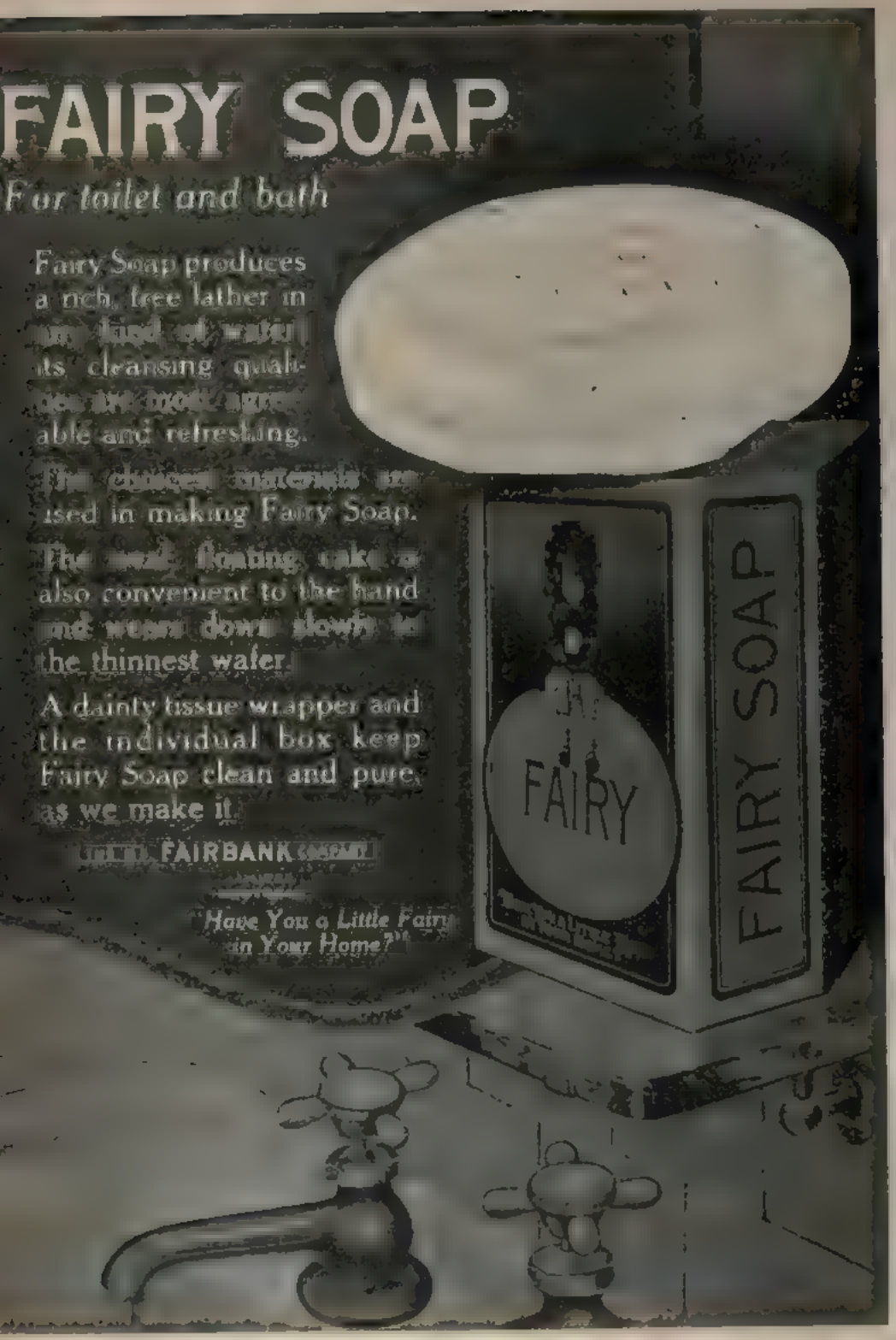

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$2.50, $3.00, $3.50, $4.00 per day

this amount has been spent, or allotted as bond interest, in the cause.

In the Maritime Provinces, upwards of a quarter of a million was laid out last year. In New Brunswick the work is under the Minister of Public Work. In Nova Scotia a Commissioner of Highways has charge.

ROADS have fallen into the three following classifications. They are broad, of course.

(1) Main roads between towns and cities.

(2) Leading farm roads, radiating from market centres and shipping points.

(3) Local feeders, for local traffic.

The first development in road making in Canada was made in macadam roads. This was a step ahead of the clay or sand roads found in most sections of Canada, but experience has taught that even the best concrete roadways prove a most excellent investment for the communities in which they are installed. The development of road building has followed the development of architectural construction. The first settlers of Canada were satisfied with the log cabin; then came frame and brick buildings and finally the steel and concrete structures. Just so with road building. First came the trails and portages; then dirt roads; then macadam and finally concrete and the more scientific kinds of roadways. The reasons for this progress are obvious. The builders of the dirt roads dreamed that a layer of gravel or crushed stone would keep their highways in good conditions in all seasons. But they did not reckon with the development of automobile traffic. As I stated earlier in this article, the Canadian farmer, as a class, has been ahead of his city brothers in the number of automobiles purchased. But Mr. Farmer's auto has been more exacting on roadways than his horse rigs. The macadam roads, under this rapidly increasing auto traffic, have gone to pieces so fast that they are now considered too expensive.

The experience of New York state, under a definite observation of a highway commission over a period of many years, is interesting in this connection. In presenting this report to the New York legislature Ex.-Governor Glynn said in his annual message:

"A macadam road in New York costs approximately $12,000 per mile to build and lasts less than ten years. It costs $1,000 a year per mile to maintain. At the end of ten years it will cost $6,000 a mile to rebuild.

"Macadam roads are utterly unsuited to the wear and tear of automobile traffic. Motor traffic is on the increase and it is pounding the roads of

New York State to destruction faster than they can be built.

"Instead of building highways that cost $1,000 a year per mile to maintain, New York must construct roads that can be maintained at a moderate cost. Two types of highways answer modern requirements. One is the concrete road; the other the brick road with the concrete foundation.

"A concrete road costs from $12,000 to $16,000 a mile and a brick road costs from $20,000 to $25,000."

The report of the state highway commission of the state of Maryland in the matter of macadam roads was as follows:

"The cost of maintaining macadam roads under the ever increasing strain of heavy and fast automobile motor truck and steel tire traffic early promoted Chairman Weller and Chief Engineer Shirley to make a careful study and investigation of concrete roads, this including a personal examination of those in Wayne County, Michigan, in which the city of Detroit is situated. This led to the laying of several sections of concrete in the summer of 1912. . . . . .

"These roads have now been under heavy traffic for more than a year and are practically as good as when laid, with no maintenance on them, except for shoulder work. Encouraged by this, the Commission in 1913 added 55 miles of concrete to its construction."

The experience of the older states across the line is being borne out in all parts of Canada and most of our more important highway work now under construction or contemplation will be of concrete.

One other development should be noticed. It is the question of better city pavements, where improvement, though not so spectacular, is nevertheless very definite.

So that, if legislation be the outward and visible sign of the hidden movement, Canada has indeed done something for good roads. She has spent almost fifty million dollars, and every province has its official and governmental highway organization. In addition, a clearer understanding and larger sympathy for the idea of good and better roads has been obtained. Much still remains to be done, however. In our country there are about 250,000 miles of graded roads. The immediate object, say the good roads authorities, should be to improve about 16 per cent. of that total, or 40,000 miles, which would carry the more concentrated or farm traffic, while about two per cent. additional, or another 5,000 miles, should be treated on a trunk basis. The total cost might be estimated at $250,000,000 or thereabouts.

Canada has cause for self-congratulation, for what she has accomplished. But there is immeasurably more to do. Good roads should be one of the important works of re-construction to which our country, when it comes back from the Great War—for in sympathy the whole country is there—should systematically and energetically devote herself.

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Maintenance Cost Of Pavements

Mr. F. W. Sarr, Deputy State Highway Commissioner of New York, in his paper, "The Cost of Maintaining New York State's Highways," read at the Good Roads Congress, Montreal, March 7th, gave the following statistics of the average expenditure for maintenance, repairing and reconstruction per mile, per year for each of seven types of roads.

	Per mile
Concrete	$129.00
Bituminous Macadam, Mixing Method	181.00
Block Pavement	190.00
Bituminous Macadam, Penetration Method	510 00
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PERMANENCE SATISFACTION

A Primitive Professor

Continued from page 43.

"Don't get any ideas, ma'am. Not too sudden," he said. "Yer see it was this way—we had a little difference with some foreigners."

"Thank you for telling me," said Dorothy. At the sight of Lassiter's woebegone face she could no longer control her laughter.

"There!" said Brophy, drawing himself up. "Yer see there is nothin' to worry about, old sleuth. I've squared it fer ye. She's laughin' at ye."

"Dorothy," exclaimed Lassiter in torment. "This is the result of unforeseen circumstances."

"How violent they must have been!" she interposed sweetly. "But were you in an explosion, Martin?" She turned toward the sailor. "Was he?"

Brophy's earnest face, which had expressed only loyalty to his compan-

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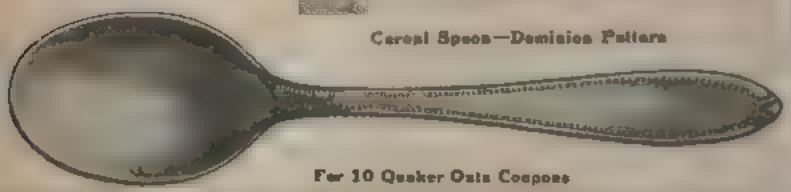

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We know its energy value. And the facts we know have made it the food of foods.

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ion, relaxed now into a broad smile.

"He does look pretty bad, ma'am," he said. "But you see, there was three of them policemen and he an' I never fought together before. Yes, miss. An' after I had got two of 'em fixed I had a chance to watch his style. That last clout was a peach, miss. It made the Cuban see clams perchin' on telegraph wires, miss. Take it from me, yer gentleman friend is all right, or my name ain't Brophy."

"Oh, thank you," said the girl, holding out her hand. "Martin, why did you forget an introduction? This is a pleasure, Mr. Brophy."

The sailor grinned. "I ain't had an introduction to *him* yet," he said.

"Indeed," exclaimed Dorothy. "Mr. Martin Lassiter, allow me to present you to your old and honored friend, Mr. Brophy, U. S. N. And now, Mr. Brophy, you won't mind if I take Mr. Lassiter away from you? I don't think his appearance this morning does him full justice."

"Oh, Dorothy, I want to tell you—"

"Not now. I don't want you sitting out here. That's why I dressed and came down. I have *some* pride!"

"He does look a bit stove in, miss," said the sailor judicially.

"He looks like a last year's bird's nest," she said. "Come, Martin."

He had never heard her speak to him before with a tone of proprietorship. His instinct was to obey.

"Good-by, Brophy, old fellow," said he.

"Good-by, old marlin spike," said Brophy. "I'll tell the driver to leave the arnica with the clerk."

Only when Lassiter turned, as they walked through the hotel office toward the elevator, and saw that Miss Finch was walking beside him with as much smiling self-possession as if she had been walking with a ruler in robes of state, did he feel the agonizing pain of conviction that he had severed the last possibility of winning her.

Therefore it was no ordinary surprise to him when in the elevator, with the boy's back turned toward them, she slipped her warm hand into his. "Positively," she said, "I believe you will pass. When I look at your eye, Martin, I begin to believe that you are *human*."

Fine music and poultry were two things of which little Ella's father was very fond. Recently he bought a talking machine, and among other records was a very brilliant aria by a great soprano. The baby listened closely to the runs of the music until the singer struck some high trills at the close, when she exclaimed:

"Daddy, listen! She's laid an egg!"

Duke's Son: Cook's Son

Continued from page 11.

"I have thought of it, Gerald," replied the Dean mildly," and that is why I am here, now,—when I am ill. I must be with him when he knows."

He turned his head as a smart victoria drew up at the outskirts of the crowd, and the lady seated within, waved her hand to them and beckoned. At the same time, Sir Julian had given his place on the platform to the suffragette, and the three met, simultaneously, at the carriage of Lady Mary Dacres.

"You're very gay this afternoon, Gerry," Sir Julian smiled, as he playfully tapped the tassels of gold braid hanging from the officer's uniform, "you look more like a carpet knight to-day, than a V. C. I want you to tell me all about it. You can come home with us, can't you? And you, too, Dean? Down on official business?"

"Yes, we are down on official business," answered Baring.

"We'll go home with you, though," interpolated the Dean, as he stepped into the carriage.

"You didn't see anything of Bertie while you were in France?" asked Lady Mary wistfully, as the officer seated himself beside her, "Oh, but, of course, it is not likely. We received a letter from him this morning, but it was a month old. So much can happen in a month."

"Why, of course," agreed Sir Julian cheerily, "he, too, has a V. C. by this time. Don't you think so, Dean? Tell her that he will be coming home with all the honors of war pinned all over him, Gerry. The only thing is, he will take them off and decorate Topsey with them, the beggar."

Lady Mary smiled wanly at her husband. Then she turned to the officer again.

"In his letter this morning, he said they were quite comfortable. He seemed in such good spirits and very happy. He spoke of the goodness and kindness of his superior officers. I would like to write to him and thank him, but I suppose that would be childish," then the ever present, haunting terror flickered into those brave eyes.

She lowered her voice to a whisper,

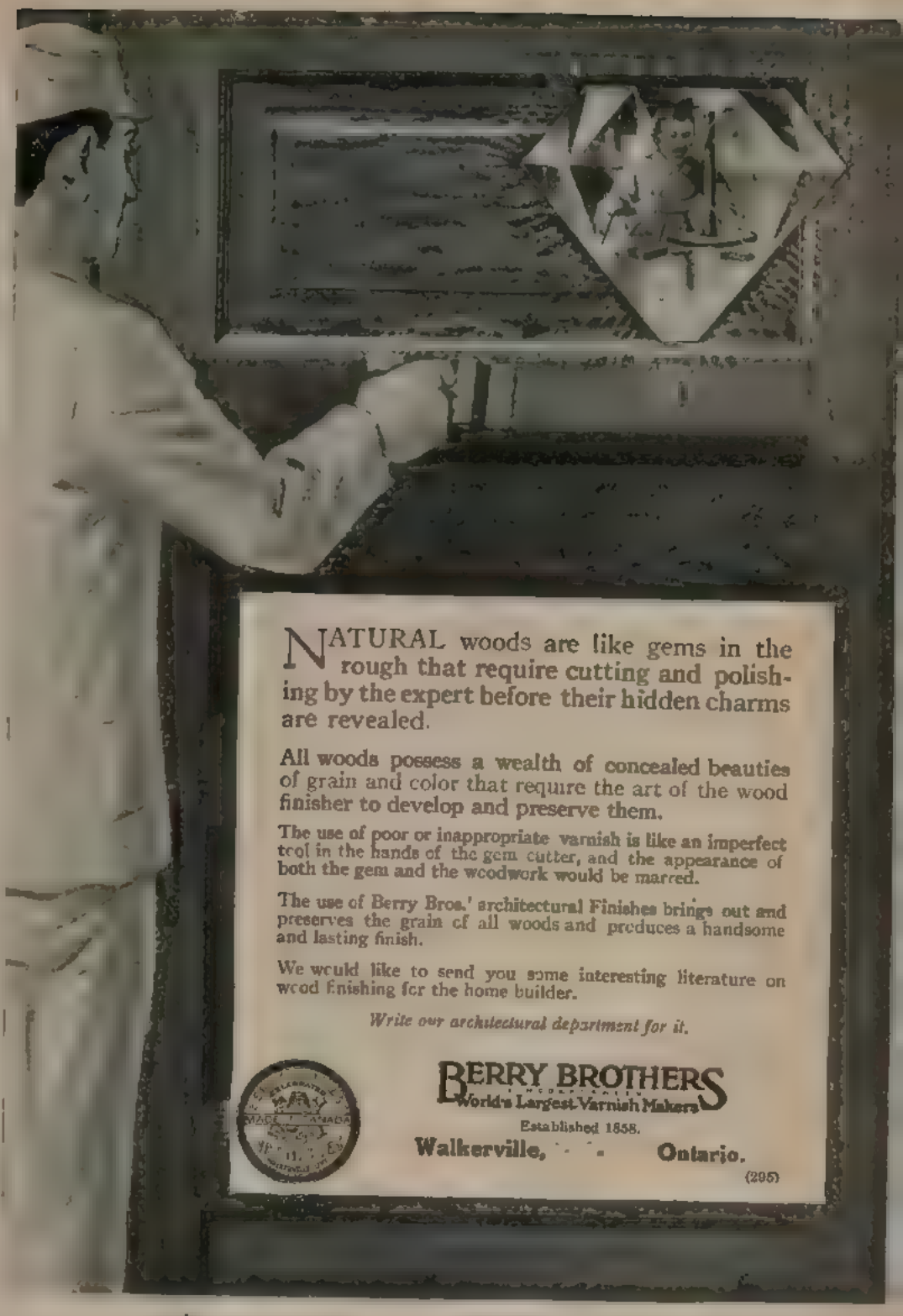
"Do you think he is in any immediate danger?"

Something in Baring's brain was taut and ready, to snap. Then he caught the Dean's grave eyes fixed on his face, and it steadied him.

"No, he is in no danger now," he said, and wondered at the level tone of his own voice

"Oh, I'm so glad," and his companion leaned back, smiling happily.

"I want you to come into my office,"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"The Dominating Center of the Nechako Valley."

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Sir Julian remarked, as they reached the house, "I want to hear all the news from the front, Gerry, and then I want you to see what *I* have been doing."

"Until tea, then," said Lady Mary graciously, and then she turned and left them. They stood among the rose bushes, in that quiet, fragrant English garden, with their heads uncovered, and watched her until she had passed into the house and was out of sight.

Then they turned and followed their host.

On a long, flat desk were all the reviews of Sir Julian's speeches in the mail box, they could see the numerous invitations to speak, at the different places where enlistment was slow, or lagging.

On a smaller desk, nearby, was a recent copy of the "Killed in Action" list, but the Dean's sharp eyes detected that it was not the last one, and did not contain *his* name.

"Kitchener won't need to worry about conscription, yet," Sir Julian said cheerily, as he seated himself, "if figures don't lie. I have just received the enlistments from my last campaign, and I haven't started my work yet."

The old white headed Dean stepped over to him, and put his arm around his shoulders, while he laid a long official looking document on the table before him.

"It is a great work that you are doing for us," he said gently, "A great work, my boy. In you, to-day, the most vital spot of the British Empire is centered. It rests upon you as to whether we shall be, or shall not be. But you did the greatest work when you gave us your son."

The father never flinched, although he understood. Then he looked down at the paper.

There was his name—Herbert Dacres—aged nineteen, only son of Sir Julian and Lady Mary Dacres—killed on the field of honor.

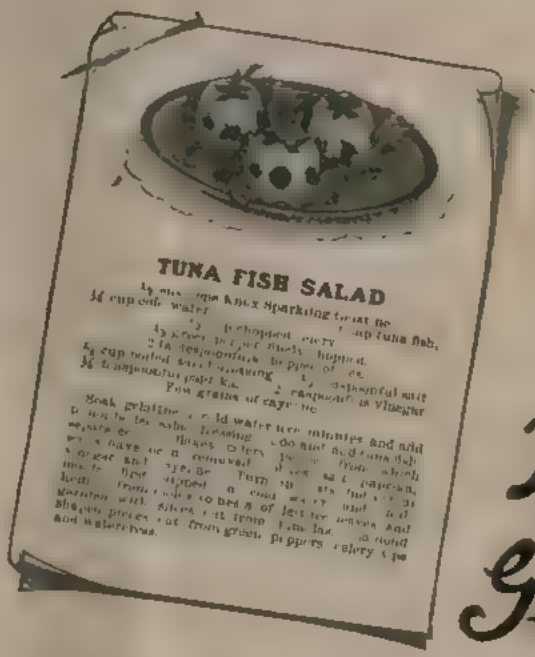
He leaned back in his chair and closed his eyes.

He was back in the long luxurious library of his home, and Bertie, his boy, with Topsey, the most ragged looking dog on earth, at his heels, was standing before him.

There was a look of perplexity and concern on the smooth young face, and the father noticed it with a great pain at his heart.

"Father, I don't *want* to go. I am not afraid. I am not a coward. *You* know that. But I'm so young. I'm only nineteen. Why can't I wait? Maybe, then, it won't be necessary for me to go. Then, there's the mater! Oh, father, I can't—I can't leave her. You wouldn't ask me to do that, surely! And-and-Father, there is something else!"

Here is a New Salad Recipe
for the readers of
CANADA MONTHLY



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The boy's high bred face turned whiter. The dark eyes turned softer, and the budding promise of a glorious manhood broke into a wonderful flower before his father's eyes.

"It is Ivy," he said dreamily, "I—I—I kissed her last night, and then she told me. She has always loved me, she said, ever since she was a little kid and I chased her over the fence. Just think of that, father? Isn't it wonderful?"

"Very wonderful, my son. A woman's love is the most wonderful thing on earth."

"Then you don't want me to go—*yet?*"

The father detected the eager tone of relief in his voice.

"You are an Englishman, *first.* After that, a son and a lover, perhaps, but an Englishman, first, *always.*"

The boy started.

"You *wish* me to go?" he asked with flaming eyes.

The father nodded.

His son faced him. He seemed to have added two inches to his superb height, and in place of his nineteen years, he might have been twenty-nine. His jaw was set. His eyes were hard and stern.

"Father, do you *command* me to go? I have never yet disobeyed you, and you know that I am not going to do so, now. But I don't *want* to go to this war. I don't want to kill anyone. I want to stay with you and the mater and Topsey and—and—Ivy. I want to *live.* Oh, father, how I want to *live*!"

"I *command* you to go."

And he had gone. And now—

Someone was patting Sir Julian's shoulder. Someone was talking to him quietly—soothingly.

"But you did the greatest work when you gave us your son. It takes a brave man to do that."

Sir Julian's hand closed over something cold that lay in the drawer of his desk. A warm hand sought his own and gentle fingers released the tense grasp.

"But it takes a still braver man not to do *that,*" and then the father opened his eyes and looked into the compassionate face of the Dean. There was a horribly twisted little smile on Sir Julian's lips, as he rose and left them. But they made no attempt to follow him.

Jumping the Theatrical Hurdles

Continued from page 14

"The Daughter of the House?"
"Hellup!"
"Woman and Superwoman?"
But Mr. G—— had fled.
Miss Haswell decided on the "Daugh-

Price Before the War $650
Price After a Year of War $530

Why Are We Proud To Advertise This?

On the very day that war was declared the price of the Canadian Ford car was reduced $60.

But don't mistake the reason for this reduction. It was made in spite of the war—not because of it.

To understand this reason properly requires a knowledge of how prices of Ford cars are decided upon.

These prices are based on the estimated production for the coming year—never on the profits earned the preceding year.

For instance, some time before August 1, 1914 the Ford Canadian executives decided that the demand for Ford cars for the fiscal year starting Aug. 1st., would be about 30,000 cars. With this production it would be possible to reduce the price $60.

So an announcement was made to the public at large that the prices of Ford cars would be $60 less for the coming year.

It must be admitted that this was a remarkably sincere and substantial expression of faith in the prosperity of Canada and the Empire that prompted this Canadian firm to stake their entire business, on the continued prosperity of their country.

Yet the Ford Canadian executives did not allow the war to interfere with their plans in the slightest degree. They considered the prosperity of Canada and the victory of the allied cause as assured.

This was emphasized a second time last August when the prices of Ford cars were again reduced by $60.

Profitably to manufacture the Ford Canadian car at this lowered price requires a production of 40,000 cars during the year ending Aug. 1, 1916.

To quote from General Manager McGregor's own statement:

"If this company is able to manufacture and sell 40,000 cars between August 1, 1915 and August 1, 1916, we know that our buying capacity, the production efficiency of our manufacturing plant, and the distribution of overhead expense over a volume of this size will enable us to reduce our prices $60 per car and still make a reasonable profit for the company on this volume."

"If we are only able to manufacture and sell 20,000 cars, the reduction of $60 per car would not be warranted and this company would be operating at a loss. It is the profit on the additional 20,000 cars which makes the price reduction of $60 possible."

Although to build 40,000 cars means doubling last year's business, the Ford executives firmly believe that prosperity in Canada will be of such proportions this year as to create a demand for fully this much increased business. And the sales to date and the prospects for the next few months prove that they are correct in their belief.

Moreover, this action becomes increasingly significant when the advance in price of raw materials is taken into consideration. At least one automobile manufacturer has been obliged to increase the price of his car on this account. And the Ford Company again have an added burden in the increased duty on the few raw materials that they are obliged to buy in the United States. But all of these increases have been absorbed into manufacturing costs by the Ford Company as part of its obligations and its duty in times such as these.

It is another significant fact that while prices on other products have so generally been increased, the prices of Ford cars have been decreased.

So the Ford Company of Canada, is proud to advertise this reduction in price of Ford cars because it is a substantial, material proof of its faith in Canada.

The Ford Motor Company of Canada, Ltd., is a Canadian Company owned in great part by Canadians, and as such believes in Canada. It believes in her prosperity. It believes in her final triumph and the triumph of the Empire in this tremendous struggle that is now demanding so much from her manhood and from the faith and support of her people.

And this Company is willing to back its belief to the last cent.

Ford Motor Company of Canada, Limited, Ford, Ontario

Ford Runabout	$480
Ford Touring	530
Ford Coupelet	730
Ford Sedan	890
Ford Town Car	780

f. o. b. Ford, Ontario

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All cars completely equipped, including electric headlights. Equipment does not include speedometer.

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For That Corn?

WILL you use something ancient as witchcraft—methods harsh, uncertain and unscientific?

Or the modern way—gentle, sure and final—devised by a chemist who spent 25 years on corns?

Blue-jay is the method used by doctors —used by experts—used by millions who have tried it. It's a thin little plaster which applies to the corn the wonderful B & B wax. 91% of all corns go with the first plaster. The stubborn 9% yield to the second or third.

The pain ends instantly. The corn ends in 48 hours.

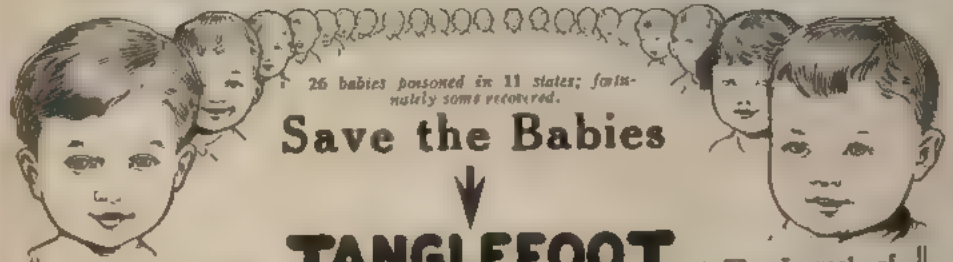
A million corns monthly disappear under Blue-jay. Your own friends employ it. Countless people around you—users of Blue-jay—never let a corn ache twice.

We urge you to try it. Prove the quick relief, the permanent removal. In this day corns are needless.

Blue-jay Ends Corns

15 and 25 cents—at Druggists
Also Blue-jay Bunion Plasters

BAUER & BLACK, Chicago and New York, Makers of Surgical Dressings, etc.



26 babies poisoned in 11 states; fortunately some recovered.

Save the Babies

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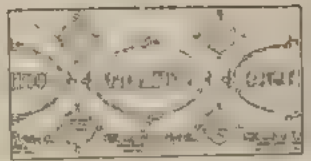
Catch the disease carrying fly that strays into your home with *safe, efficient, non-poisonous TANGLEFOOT;* not arsenic poison in an open saucer set within reach of the baby, or a can from which a poisoned wick protrudes, sweetened to attract both flies and babies.

Flies kill many babies, and fly poison more than all other poisons combined—

—But in homes where careful mothers have protected their babies from such risks by using only TANGLEFOOT, both dangers are avoided.



The Journal of the Michigan State Medical Society reports 26 cases of arsenical poisoning from fly destroyers in 1915 in only 11 states; in 1914 there were 46 cases in 14 states.

It states editorially:

"Symptoms of arsenical poisoning are very similar to those of cholera infantum; undoubtedly a number of cases of cholera infantum were really cases of arsenical poisoning, but death if occurring, was attributed to cholera infantum.

"We repeat, arsenical fly destroying devices are dangerous and should be abolished. Health officials should become aroused to prevent further loss of life from their agency. Our Michigan Legislature, this last session passed a law regulating the sale of poisonous fly papers.

Made in Canada by THE O. & W. THUM CO., Walkerville, Ont.

American Address: Grand Rapids, Mich. (65)

ter of the House," and just then Fred Tiden arrived from New York to act as the company's leading man. Tiden was a widely travelled and broadly educated man and I was very glad when he took "The Feminist" to read it. I felt that his suggestions would be valuable.

"My dear Bax" said he, after he had read it, "You've got a cracker-jack play here but you're all twisted in your stage values. For instance who's your male lead, Forest or Hardy ?"

"That," I explained, "Is the subtlety of it. Forest plays opposite Dorothy in love interest and is to all intents and purposes the leading man, but in reality Hardy dominates the whole play after his first entrance, by the force of his unique personality."

"But my dear fellow" Fred smiled depreciatingly "the leading man has got to play opposite the leading woman in love interest."

In spite of his education and cleverness, Tiden was a firm believer in the traditional drama. To his mind a successful play must be composed of the following ingredients,—

Male		Female,
Hero	in love with	Heroine
Juvenile lead	in love with	Ingenue
Funny man (probably a butler)	in love with	fat woman (probably a cook)
One villain in love with nobody, Two or three sub-villains, one benevolent elderlyman ,always a widower or bachelor uncle,		One elderly lady, either a widow, or maiden aunt.

(These last two must on no account be married. It would rob them of sympathy).

Mix these ingredient parts, sprinkle with a snow storm scene, carefully remove all foreign substances such as wit or subtlety, and when it is seen that virtue is triumphant and the ending is happy, remove from the pot and serve to the American Public,—one successful play.

And Shakespeare had the absurd idea that the stage should hold the mirror up to nature !

Miss Haswell did not agree with Mr. Tiden and we refused to adopt his suggestion. Mr. Fried, the stage manager, was then given the manuscript. Mr. Fried was a neat looking New Yorker and though rather crude in his speech was a very clever theatrical man.

"Nothing doing," was his comment, "It can't be done."

"Why ?"

"Why ? Well for one reason it's got a mob scene in it."

We reminded him that Shakespeare used mob scenes.

He said that Shakespeare was Shakespeare, which ought to forever clear up

the suspicion that Shakespeare was Bacon.

Miss Haswell decided to produce it during the third week in May. If it turned out to be a success she would try and make arrangements to go on tour with it after her Toronto season. Rehearsals were called for Tuesday morning of that week. Mr. Fried went back to New York. On Monday, preceding the first rehearsal, Miss Haswell, Mr. G—— ,and myself lunched at the Prince George Hotel to discuss arrangements and choose the cast.

The next morning we met at rehearsal. Mr. Fried having left the company the duties of stage director devolved on the author, assisted by Mr. Tiden. It was by no means an uninteresting experience. .We fixed up a dummy stage with exits and entrances and a few "props" and started in at ten o'clock.

Mr. Jack Amory the genial comedian who later made such a success with the Robins players, came up to me.

"Have you got my part ?" he asked.

I handed it to him. He looked at it.

"I hope it's funny" he said with a rueful glance at the 'script "You know, no matter how serious I try to be they always laugh at me."

He was genuinely woe-begone.

"It's the news editor's part" I said, "It really doesn't matter how you treat it. It can be either funny or serious." I was beginning to realize how difficult it is for an actor to give the author's conception.

All day long we rehearsed. If only the dear little sixteen-year-olds who swell the matinee receipts could attend a week's work of a stock company there would be fewer yearnings and less sighings for the footlights. Stock acting is work, incessant dreary work with very little illusion about it. One thing that pleased me very much was that Miss Haswell's daughter, Miss Fawcett, rehearsed with us. She intended to play one of the roles and it would have been her first appearance in Toronto.

That night Mr. G—— beckoned to me mysteriously and took me to the front of the theatre.

"Behold !" said he.

The bill boards smote me in the eye,—

A new play by a Canadian Author,—

"Woman and Superwoman," by Arthur Beverly Baxter.

I blushed a deep crimson, untheatrical blush.

"Where did you get the name ?" I gasped.

"It was your own suggestion" he answered.

I shivered. I could see the lurking grins of my friends. First there was Shakespeare, then Bernard Shaw and then —— me

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¶ All the food value of rich whole milk with the water evaporated, making a creamy product that surpasses ordinary milk.

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CREAM TOMATO SOUP FOR SIX

1 large can tomatoes
1 large onion chopped
Spring chopped celery
Teaspoonful of sugar
Teaspoonful salt
½ teaspoonful soda
¼ teaspoonful black pepper
Dash cayenne pepper

Boil this twenty to thirty minutes, strain through colander. Add half can of "Canada First" Evaporated (unsweetened) Milk diluted with an equal quantity of water. Bring this to a boil and serve with croutons of squares of [illegible]

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The Original and Only Genuine

Beware of Imitations Sold on the Merits of Minard's Liniment

"That title" said Mr. G—— impressively "will draw fire."

I assured him I didn't doubt it.

"We were going to play 'Man and Superman'" went on Mr. G—— "But the censors wouldn't let us. They don't know enough about plays to tell the difference between this play and that one. We'll have the censors trying to hold the show up and it'll be a great send off for it."

Of course it is a well known axiom that some have greatness thrust upon them, but if I was going to run amuck of the censors I would prefer to give them some reason.

"Why didn't you call it 'Soup and Superwoman'" I growled.

Mr. G—— scratched his head. "Well now" he said "that isn't a bad title, either."

I went home.

The next morning we resumed rehearsals. Then came the big shock. Owing to the fact that my play required two leading men and as Miss Haswell's company possessed only one, we had been forced to allot Forest's part to a prominent Toronto amateur. He had rehearsed with us all day Tuesday. On Wednesday he sent word that his firm had sent him out of town.

Miss Haswell burst into tears. Mr. G—— burst into profanity.

The rehearsals were called off and Miss Haswell announced that she would bring a professional actor from New York for the part and produce it the following week. The next day Miss Haswell's brother-in-law, Allan Fawcett, died. He had been a great favorite with her and I know his death took a lot of the fight out of her. She ended her engagement with "Out of the Fold" and went back to the States.

Fred Tiden stayed in Toronto in order to suggest some changes in the play. He felt sure that it would succeed if certain changes were made. We adjourned, with the script, to the Royal Canadian Yacht Club. The tennis courts lay green and inviting beneath our gaze. We forgot the play and donned our flannels. Fred beat me three straight sets.

The next day, with grim determination in our eyes, we again sought the Club's verandahs. Things were much better that day. I took two sets out of three from him.

The following day it rained and Fred outlined the changes he thought necessary, and also gave me letters of introduction to two of New York's biggest producers.

At the end of the week I went to Atlantic City and rewrote the play. It took three weeks to do it. Of course it wasn't entirely the fault of the play that it took so much time,—there was a charming little brunette who—but then who ever went to Atlantic City who didn't meet a charming little brunette? She told me she was a Grand Opera singer and I told her I was a playwright. I think I offered to write her an opera and she offered to star in one of my plays. I used up a year's royalties in Chair rides but it was worth it. We both knew we were lying but then she had such glorious eyes and I,—well I had a suit of flannels that were of rather a fine cut.

Between prevarications I rewrote the play. I put in a prologue six years before the first act. I made a villain of the innocent Forest, in fact caused him to commit forgery and then put the blame on Hardy who of course did not deny the charge. Forest had a mother and Hardy was such a noble soul. I reduced Lucy to a nonentity and gave Hardy and Dorothy about six strong scenes. It was so much like every other play I had ever seen that it seemed certain of success.

We went to New York,—no, no not the brunette and I,—the play and I. We met the heavy artillery of the Theatrical Producers. They were exceedingly courteous. In fact, I consider theatrical managers a very polite body of men considering their trials and tribulations. They never know when they are going to be assaulted in broad daylight by a rejected author.

They were busy with rehearsals (this is the stock excuse of all managers), but would read the play in the very near future and send it back, that is, they would let me know. Alone I returned to Toronto and pondered.

The original idea of the play was practically demolished. Any attempt at originality of style or subtlety of language had been "cut," as it delayed the action. Some day the modern stage manager will have to realize that action is not the most important thing in a play. The "Movies" are infinitely superior in action. What the drama must fall back on is dialogue, clever lines, or sooner or later there will be no drama.

Two letters came from New York practically at the same time. The first one said,—

"Your play contains much that is good but it does not interest us enough to produce it. We would be glad if you have anything else to have you submit it to us." That producer paid me the most sincere compliment I have yet received on behalf of my work. He prepaid the postage on the play, amounting to forty-four cents.

The second one said,—"I am returning your play and will write you in the course of a few days suggesting some changes."

Changes?

"Gord!" as Mr. G—— so feelingly remarked.

A Freight of Currency

Continued from page 23.

the stuff. I never knew what he gave for it; any how he would be on the safe side as he was a hard nail in a deal o' that kind. I had the jewellery valued ten year ago by old Attenborough and the British museum chaps. The pawnbroker offered me four hundred pound for the lot, and the museum men said it was worth three times as much to them. But I didn't sell an' there it is.

"Those gew-gaws were the wife's property and they now belong by rights to her only living child. An' so I want you, Sam, to take it to her along wi' the whole contents o' that there box. It's a tall order, I know, but I've no faith in a living soul to do the job except yourself old sport.

"But I'll recompense ye allright, Sam. I've a bit by me besides what's in that pot, an' I'll give ye the price o' a good freight to Halifax an' back if the *Mermaid* has to go an' come in ballast."

Sam's eyes dilated like the searchlights of a battleship at the crazy proposal, and for the moment was dumfounded. Windlass continued to talk and to sweep away all sorts of real or imaginary difficulties that might be exercising the skipper of the *Mermaid*, but it looked for a long time as if Sam's jaws were finally sealed against every device to open them.

He sat as one in a trance. It was not the habit of Sam Slimber to spend his waking moments in chasing butterflies, and for a full ten minutes he brooded in silence on this fool scheme. At last he woke up. Ejecting a quid upon which he had been ruminating, he bit off a fresh piece of Navy Plug, stuck his thumbs into the armholes of his waistcoat and proceeded.

"Windlass, I allus thought you would come to this, an' I'm beginnin' to feel real proud o' ye, mate. You've admitted that ye 'avent done the clean thing by Elsie, but that's all over now. Let by-gones be by-gones an' I'll do the job for her sake. I 'aven't been in Halifax harbor for well nigh five year, but the old ship is as taught as she was the day she first left the slips, except for a bit o' copper here an' there on her bottom, w'itch we'll see to. When would ye like me to sail ?"

"Soon as ye can, Sam; sooner the better, an' I want ye to take Sonny with ye. I'll be a dead man in a day or two an' who's to look arter him when I'm gone ? Besides, if I were to live twenty year longer, what chance is there for the boy livin' in a hole like this with an old curmudgeon like me ? Elsie is his dead mother's sister, an' she had as much to do with draggin' him up as his mammy had afore she died. I know Elsie's fond o' the lad for she never writes but she axes all about him."

"Ever seen the doctor about ye' self, Windlass ?"

"No ! What's the use o' a doctor to me ? It would only be throwin' good money after bad, an' I'd rather save it for Sonny."

"Well, Josh, I've known ye all them fifty year now, an' I know it's no good argifyin' a point wi' you when you've made up your mind. Seems as if nothing but the ghosts o' dead folks or a stummick full o' canned lobster larst thing at night, will ever shake ye out o' an opinion. An' that minds me. D'ye know it's one o'clock to-morrow mornin' an here we are settin' jawin' as if it were a'ter Sunday mornin' breakfus ? Nice state o' things for a man wi' one foot in the grave an' another holdin' down his filthy lucre in case it gets blown away or pinched !"

"You're right, Sam. Let's sleep over it," and the sick man carefully repacked his treasure chest which the other replaced and interred as he had found it in the coal-bin.

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The writer keeps Puffed Grains on his desk—Puffed Wheat or Puffed Rice. Within an hour it's empty.

So, Mrs. Housewife, it will be with you, if you place them on your writing desk.

For these bubble-like morsels, crisp and flaky, are real food confections. They taste like nut meats puffed.

Bonbons for Breakfast

This is a plea to serve these bonbons for breakfast, oftener than you do. Let them make more meals delightful.

There are two Puffed Grains, each with its own fascinations. There are many ways of serving.

They are so dainty, so flimsy, so flavory that the meals which bring them seem like festivals.

Yet they stand supreme as scientific grain foods. Prof. Anderson's process explodes every food cell. Thus every atom digests and feeds.

Puffed Grains seem like tit-bits. But they are super-foods. No element in them is wasted.

Puffed Wheat	Except in Far West	12c
Puffed Rice		15c

As foods, serve with cream and sugar, or in bowls of milk, or mixed with any fruit.

As confections, use in candy making, as garnish for ice cream, or for eating dry like peanuts.

Use them as wafers in soups.

These are perfect grain foods, which look and taste like sweetmeats. And they can't be served too often.

It's too bad that more grains are not puffed.

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[1280]

Windlass, whatever his ailment, slept soundly that night if the act of snoring like a hippopotamus were any symptom of somnolence, but the blessing of sleep did not visit the pillow of Sam Slimber. The job he had rashly undertaken and the hundred and one things arising out of it crowded his brain all night long, and it was broad daylight when he finally dozed off into unconsciousness.

After breakfast (which the nearly-dead man partook of in bed) the skipper took himself off to see how things were going on at the docks. He promised to return to the mid-day meal but arrived unexpectedly while it was still in preparation, bringing with him a stranger whom he introduced as his friend Doc' Macpherson.

The Doc' was a red haired person and "took" the eye of the chandler the moment he entered the room, sailin' in as he did with a free and easy manner altogether at variance with the usual demeanour of the consulting physician. He was invited to join in the homely meal of "sassiges an' mashed" which happened to be the only item on the menu for that day, and he attacked his portion as if he had not broken fast for forty-eight hours.

"Well Windlass," said Sam, as they sat down to a pipe afterwards, "I've been giving the Doc', here, some o' your symptoms an' he wants to have a look at your tongue an' perhaps feel your pulse. Ye don't mind that d' ye?"

"O, no, but *that* won't help 'im. Besides, I don't want no medical advice from anybody. I know as well as we're settin' here that my charter party has run out an'——"

"That's all very well," chipped in the Doc,' "but there's no greater fool, my friend, than the man who is his own lawyer, 'cept it is the chap who tries to doctor himself. I haven't come to bleed ye either of your money or yer gore. Sam, here, is an old friend o' mine, an' I'd do anythink for a friend o' Sam's. This is purely a friendly consultation, an without even lookin' at yer tongue or poundin' yer chest, I can see yer case as well as if I had been attendin' ye for six months. Ye've got a touch o' *Lapis-lazuli*, an' ye'll never get well here if ye *wanted* to get well. It's a pecoolar thing is the lapis. Medicine ain't no good for it. Sea air an' winkles is the only thing—onless ye can take a long sea voy——"

"But I'm not——"

"No I know ye ain't; but if the sanitary authorities knew about this stink-hole" (looking disgustedly around upon the chaos of grease and grime) they would give you some trouble I can tell ye. I'll tell ye what Sam an' me have been thinkin' of.

"There's a nice little convalescent

horspital down at Deal lookin' square out on the Downs where ye could get a nice whiff o' the clean salt air what ye used to breathe, and ye'd come home well, in a week. Lock up yer rubbish, set traps for the mice, an' tell the milkman ye won't be round for a fortnight."

"But I tell ye, Doc,' I'm a dead man, already. Haven't I told Sam, here, that I saw a vision——"

"Josh! There ain't an old washerwoman in Rotherhithe that can beat ye for downright want o' pluck," protested Sam. "Ain't it yer dooty to keep livin' an doin' something if ye can? Besides, ain't it better to die comfortable among mates an' clean clo'es than kickin' the bucket all alone in a place like a sweep's back yard? Anyhow, if ye don't take the Doc's advice, I back out o' this Halifax job. How does that suit ye?"

To be continued.

An Understudy for Hannah

Continued from page 17.

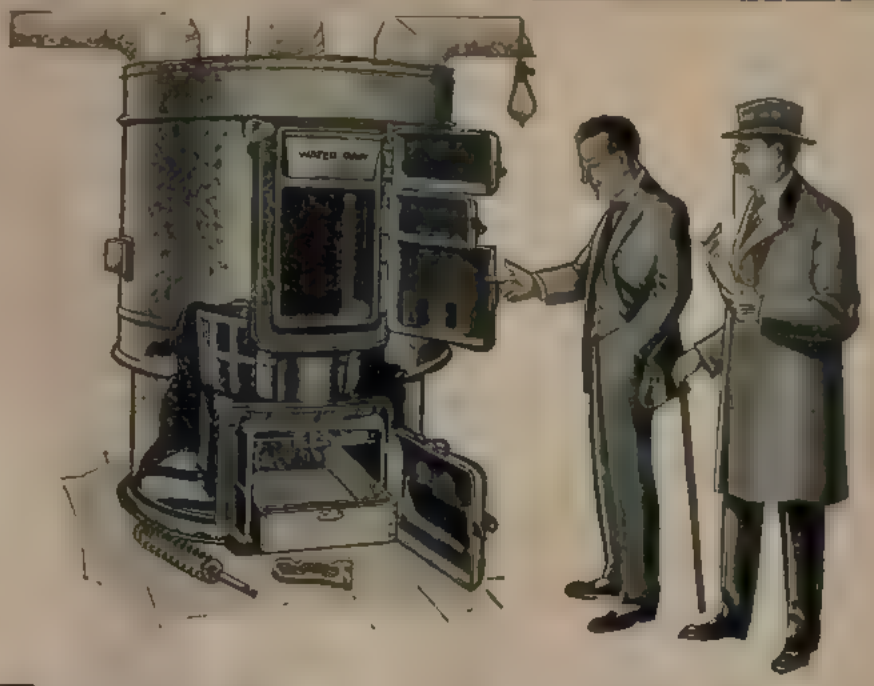
if endowed with the hearing denied to deaf ears, waited and released their hold. Old Isabella stood unheld above the little bush. Her beautiful face quivered with delight. She bent slowly and ran her fingers lightly over every little branch and leaf, almost every little petal of pink. There were six of the roses; she "looked at" them all in turn and made little comments on them in her low voice. This one was perfect, perfect! This little bud would burst very soon—this leaf and this and this, poor things, some insect had eaten! This rose——

"I will have this one," old Isabella said, and broke it off with gentle fingers. Then lifting herself, she yielded without impatience to the steadying hands again. They led her safely back to her chair on the porch.

"Thank you," began old Isabella and then remembered. "I will ask Maria to thank her for me," she thought. For certainly it had been kind in the new Hannah.

Yes, she would tell Maria to thank her. It must be a great affliction to be deaf—a great affliction. To old Isabella with her keen "earsight" and her lore of friendly voices and all of nature's sounds, the affliction loomed gigantic. She felt newborn sympathy for the new Hannah. As she swayed back and forth in her cushioned rocker she fell to making kind little plans for establishing communicaion with the deaf maid. She would like to be friends with her, she told herself—to do her some helpful, pleasant turn.

"I will ask Maria," was her final decision. She had been asking Maria all the years of her life. Maria was four years her senior.



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See the large double tight-fitting doors. Notice how easily the dampers are controlled. Not much trouble to shut off the fire and hold the heat with this furnace. See how dust is directed up the chimney whenever the fire is shaken down. Note the large radiating surfaces and wide passages for heating the air.

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1. Your booklet on the Sunshine Furnace.

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At noon the heat culminated in a terrible swelter that drove indoor people out of doors and outdoor people in, in vain search for comfort. The world seemed steeped in pitiless sunshine. The new Hannah, spreading out her dainty lady's dainty linen in the back yard sat back suddenly, faint with the hot beat of it on her flopping pink sunbonnet. She was very tired indeed. Very gently she swayed sidewise until she lay a poor, curled heap on the grass. The pitiless sun beat down steadily on the heap.

Old Isabella dosing uncomfortably on the front porch felt something warm and lively thrust suddenly into her arms and heard a breathless young voice:

"Take her quick! It's the baby—I didn't dare to leave her at home alone. Where is your sister? Oh, quick! for something has happened to your maid! She's fallen down in the back yard—I came as soon as I discovered her—I must find your sister"——

Old Isabella sat up, pale and startled, the baby clutched against her breast. Her sightless eyes strained wide open as if in a piteous attempt to see.

"Maria—I don't know where Maria is," she trembled. "She ought to be in her room at the top of the stairs."

But she was not there. The frantic young mother hunted through all the rooms and called shrilly, "Maria! Maria!" quite oblivious to form and ceremony. Maria did not seem to be anywhere. In despair at last of finding her, the young woman went shrinkingly around to where the poor curled heap lay in the sun. She bent over it in a daze of horror, her lips white and set. There was no distinguishable flutter—it was terrible!

"She is light. I must get her out of the sun. She must not stay here," ran through her mind. She put her hands gently underneath the limp arms and dragged. It seemed a long time before the shade was reached. Some one came and stood beside her. It was old Isabella. She could not have told how she and the baby got there.

"I've laid it down in a soft place—right here, see? I had to come—I knew you couldn't find Maria. You get some water—I'll take off her sunbonnet—go, go. I can see to do it!" Her fingers were busy already with the calico strings. When the young person came back the new Hannah's worn, plain face lay peacefully upward, uncovered to seeing eyes—and unseeing ones. For old Isabella knew already.

"Why!" the young person breathed, and "Oh!" helplessly.

"Yes, it is Maria," old Isabella said with the calm of necessity. "I will bathe her face—can you find some

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one to get a doctor? She is breathing!' With sudden fierceness: "She is not dead! Maria is not dead!"

She should not be—could not be! The delicate old hands worked with desperate speed at their rubbing and bathing. Her frenzied thoughts kept pace with them. A little way off the abandoned baby rolled luxuriously in the shade and dug soft fists into the grass. A faint, pleasant sound came to the new Hannah as she opened her eyes. For the new Hannah now could hear.

"That sounds like a bab——why, Bella!" She tried weakly to rise, anxiety coming to life in her still face. "Bella! Bella, *how did you get here?*" she whispered.

Old Isabella leaned down and kissed away all the rest she would have said. They had never been demonstrative sisters. No Weatherbee had ever been demonstrative. The kiss told Maria all there was to be told. She knew in a pleasant, indefinite way that there would be no need for explanation, and in the relief of knowing it she fell asleep. She was in her own bed when she awoke again. She felt comfortable and happy, especially her thin old lips that had been kissed. Bella was groping fussily about the room, waiting upon her. Bella waiting on her! It was the beginning of a new order of things, it would seem.

"I am going to do things, too, now—we are going to do them together," old Isabella announced calmly. "I have been practising getting about alone. I find I am very handy—the Weatherbees were always smart enough when they chose to be and I choose to be. You will see, Maria!" smiling splendidly. But in old Isabella's heart dwelt tears. The memory of the new Hannah always found them there.

The youngest neighbor was discreet and the two old sisters were Weatherbees. The new Hannah and her shielding sunbonnet slipped out of being quietly, as they had slipped in. Between the sisters nothing was said save one remark of old Isabella's that did not require answering. They were together on the porch in the cool twilight. Both had been oddly silent. Out of the silence came gently old Isabella's voice, quoting: "Whereas I was blind, now I see." Her fingers sought and found Maria's with a swift, truncaresslike motion, but it was a caress. Maria peered happily through the dimness.

"Maria, we can get along very well without Hannah. Oh, very well!" old Isabella said briskly. The tears behind her voice fought for a chance to get through. She held them back. "I think on the whole we can get along better alone—don't you, Maria?"

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The Spirit of a People

Continued from page 25.

ding would begin. Shares ranged from one-quarter of a cent up to eight and ten cents on a par value of one dollar. While we watched one man "made" $5,000. Somebody lost.

Gambling of this sort gets into the blood. The temptation to buy is nearly irresistible. The stock looks as good as any that is worth real money. There may be oil in your favorite "buy." Nobody can prove there is not. And if there should be!

"Gamble a tenner, Bill! It won't break yuh!"—But it does.

On the National Spirit

To us, visitors in a land so like our own that only the Canadian ensign floating from the flagstaffs marked any outward difference, it seemed as though we never could get away from the deep-toned throb of the British drums. Unheard by human ears the war cry of the Empire had traveled across sea and land and down the millions of memories, tingling along the nerves of business and pleasure, tensing the home ties, stirring the people into conscious accord with the Britons beyond the seas. The American jingo need not fool himself. Canada is not a mental, industrial, or political lean-to to the United States. Neither does Canada belong to Great Britain. She is part of the Empire, and a blow struck at Whitby is answered by a clenched fist in the smallest of the newborn villages of the Nechako. The average Canadian is friendly to the United States, but for us to imagine for an instant that he would prefer America to England is folly. He prefers neither. He and his nation are an integral part of the world-circling Empire, and he steps forward to assume its burdens, and through all the tides of his being the drums are calling—calling—calling!

I could wish we had a nationality like that. I believe we have. I believe it is here, and only hidden for the time. I believe that if the hour of trial came we, too, would hear the drums, and answer with all we have. I believe we would stir ourselves out of our dreams that we still are British and German and Italian and Scandinavian and Polish and Hebrew and Greek. I think that under battle stress we should know ourselves for Americans, first, last, and all the time. Some of us would, I believe, be even better Americans than the rest, because some of us were not Americans, but purchased our Americanism at the great price of separation from country and home and kindred, and to this land of our choosing belongs a loyalty beyond all measure, even of life itself.

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And as I sit here thinking of my friends of the many years, men and women out of every country—of Ishimoto of Japan, of Joe the Turk, of Fritz and Ole and Thomas and Evan and Jean, Americans all—I cannot help wondering why it is that here and now, with peace within our borders, with the world's civilization entrusted to our keeping, we should quarrel among ourselves and claim membership among the peoples we have left rather than with a nation of which we are a part. The mysterious forces that have led us out from the lands of our fathers and have blended us into one people beneath one flag control our being. We cannot stand aside and say "Let the Americans do it!" We need to grip hard the fact that we are the Americans—*we are America*! And it is high time that we ceased to use America as an instrument for one side or the other in the world struggle now going on. We ought to be willing to be loyal to our land—to the ideals it stands for—or we ought to leave it to those who are loyal!

All day long the valleys had been closing about us. All day the dark green of the forests had deepened. The smoke of fires before which the rabbits and the larger game ran confused grew denser, became a sheet of flame, was passed, and once more the distant mountain tops glittered in the sun. The Nechako was far behind us, a memory of rich fields and flashing streams, and friendly folk. Deeper and deeper the valleys grew. Higher and still higher rose the walls of the Mother Range of the Rockies. The train rounded a curve, and there, full before us, its front hung with a blazing jewel of a glacier, stood Mt. Robson, its feet in the blackness of night, its summit two miles above in the brightness of day. We sat there in the dusk, alone, and with the Infinite. Then we drew down the shades, and bade each other good night. There was no more to be seen that day, and nothing to be said.

In these stories of a land in the making I have tried to pass on to the readers of Canada Monthly something of the pleasure that is ours in possessing the memories of a month of leisure after forty years of work. I think we came home better Americans, better fitted to teach our children the meaning of America and the things America stands for.

Whether or not we shall visit Canada again I do not know. We have dreams of a trip to the other new lands of the world—to Brazil, the Argentine, Siberia, South Africa—perhaps! But whatever happens, for ourselves and for our children and I trust for the reader, it was well worth while—our month of playtime with a friendly people in a friendly land.

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